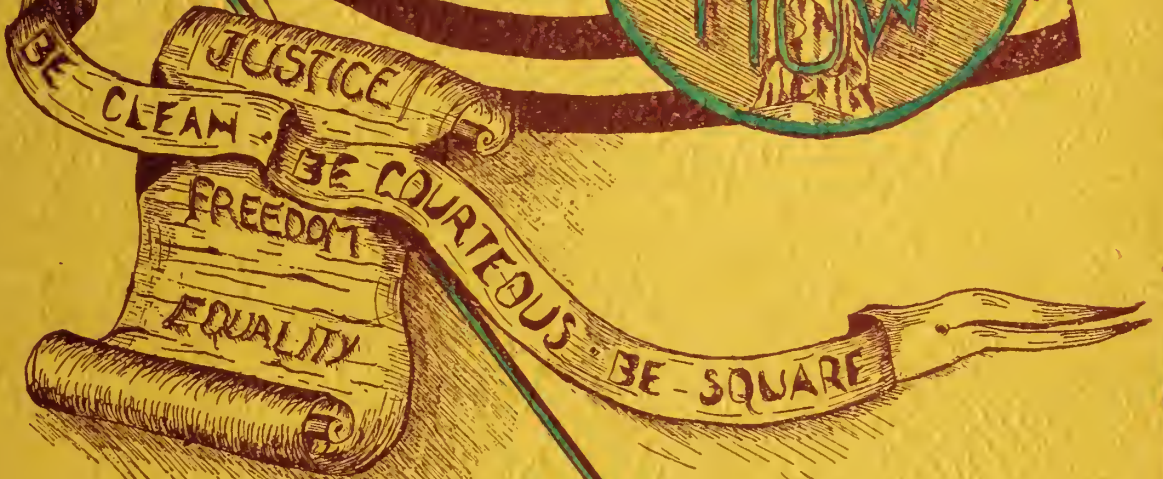


RECORD



NOV. 1941

J. DeSasio

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

Offers for young men a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics-Sociology, English (including an option in Journalism), and Mathematics-Physics. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts.

College of Engineering

Offers for young men curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Air-Conditioning, and Aeronautical options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization.

College of Business Administration

Offers for young men six curricula: Accounting, Banking and Finance, Marketing and Advertising, Journalism, Public Administration, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

School of Law

Offers three-year day and four-year evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of two years of college work, or its full equivalent, required for admission to undergraduate programs. Case method of instruction.

The School also offers a two-year evening program open to graduates of approved law schools and leading to the degree of Master of Laws. Undergraduate and graduate programs admit men and women.

School of Business

Offer curricula through evening classes in Accounting, Industrial Management, Distributive Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C. P. A. Examinations. A special four-year curriculum in Law and Business Management leading to the Bachelor of Commercial Science degree with appropriate specification is also offered. Shorter programs may be arranged. Co-educational.

Evening Courses of the College of Liberal Arts

Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours affording concentration in Economics, English, History and Government or Social Science. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Co-educational.

Co-operative Plan

The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Engineering and Business Administration offers day programs for men only, and are conducted on the co-operative plan. After the freshman year, students may alternate their periods of study with periods of work in the employ of business or industrial concerns at ten-week intervals. Under this plan they gain valuable experience and earn a large part of their college expenses.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

Boston, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration

- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business
- ☐ Day Pre-Legal Program
- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts

Name

Address

C-5

THE RECORD

THE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

RECORDINGS

Literary

WE ARE IN STEP	John J. Walsh	4
YOUR WITNESS, MR. D. A.	Robert A. Booth	6
AU CINEMA	Melvin J. Cohen	7
TEAM PLAY	Louis F. Blanc	8
NIGHT RIDE	Paul M. Donovan	10
OLD ENGLISH	J. J. W.	12
THE REEF	Vincent L. Ysebaert	14
BENCHLING	Robert A. Booth	16
WORLD FAMOUS	Martin Bookspan	18
BOMBS EXPLODE	Benjamin L. Toy	32

Departmental

EDITORIALS	J. J. W., M. J. C.	3
UNDER THE TOWERS	Frederich Donaldson	22
RADIO "Q R U"	Benjamin L. Toy	25
ATHLETIC NOTES	Roy Wooldridge	26
CRUISING THE CORRIDORS	M. C., J. J. W.	29
EXCHANGES	Harold Orel	33
WITH THE ALUMNI	F. D.	35
PROFESSOR NOAH LOTTE	Judson H. Fifield	37

Art

COVER	Joseph A. Distasio
CARTOONS	Robert Cummings
	Nelson Briggs
SKETCHES	N. B.

Published six times a year by the students of English High School.

November, December, January
March, April, and May.

Single copies, 15c.

Entered as second class matter at
the Boston Post Office, November
2, 1885.

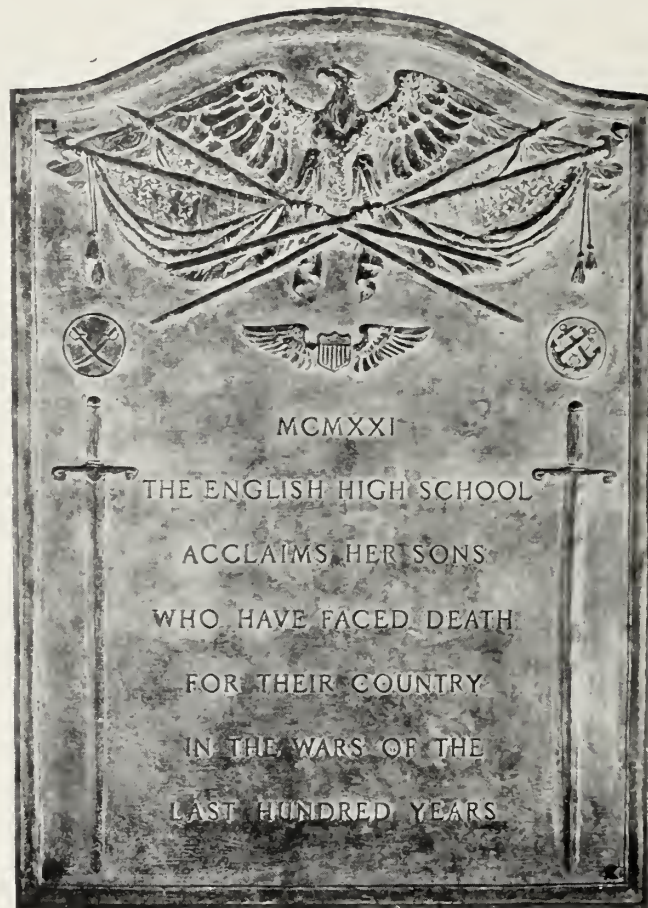


November 1941

Volume LVII

Number 1

Remembrance . . .



Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

With the Editors . . .

We Give Thanks

THIS year as we again look forward to a day of thanksgiving, our thoughts must unconsciously turn and return to those ideals which have survived in our native land during months of chaos and emergency. We Americans, traditionally carefree, should not fail in this hour of danger to pause and consider the many blessings of democracy for which we should be sincerely thankful.

The early American settlers, who were faced with problems equally as important as those which confront us to-day, found time to set aside a period of thanksgiving and to rest from the arduous labors of moulding a wilderness into a world power. We may be justly proud of the hazards they overcame and of the results of their unceasing efforts against all the forces of man and of nature.

The parallels between the age of the colonists and our own age are many and diverse, but few have a greater lesson to teach than the observance of thanksgiving day down through the centuries.

They were thankful for a safe crossing of the broad expanses of the Atlantic; we should be thankful for our deliverance from the sufferings of war. They were thankful that they had found a place where they might worship as they pleased; we should be thankful that this custom has survived during eras that have seen men deprived of their freedom. They were thankful that they had before them limitless farmland; we should be thankful that the great resources of these United States have been a prime factor in the growth and development of our nation. We, of high school age should be thankful particularly for the educational opportunities afforded us here in America thankful for the interest and sacrifice of our parents, who make it possible for us to profit by these opportunities.

Let us, therefore, on this Thanksgiving Day look about us and see the many, many things for which we should open our hearts as never before and express to Almighty God our deepest gratitude that America is a nation great and strong, and that Americans are a people brave and free!

J. J. W.

It's Up to You

ESSENTIAL to man, essential to the progress of the world is education—education, the goal of millions, the basis of democracy. But what do we mean by education? What is the value of education? The dictionary defines it as the ability to exercise knowledge. Obviously, before we can exercise knowledge we must first possess it. And how may we acquire knowledge? The answer to this is both simple and direct—study. Yes, we must study constantly and faithfully each subject we undertake, study so that we ardently comprehend every consequential factor connected with our chosen subjects. We must not allow things to slide by; we must not shirk our work; contrarily, we must deal with our studies earnestly; we must be present as many school days as possible in order to achieve knowledge. Accordingly acquired knowledge of arts, society, industry and politics, the realization of its value, the employment of this knowledge—this is education. Its value is inestimable. Man is curious. He cannot be content to exist unheedful of the rest of the world. He desires to be aware of what is happening, why it is happening, his relation to this happening. All this information is apprehended through education. Man is also ambitious. Man cannot be content to remain in one position; he wants to advance. Education is man's tool in the carving of success. In former days, education was a luxury only for the wealthy. Only those of noble birth or the sons of wealthy merchants were able to procure an education; but today, here in the United States of America, opportunity for education is extended to the poor as well as the rich. Here education is encouraged by all, for all. Let us remember that a wise man takes advantage of his opportunities; and let us, therefore, determine to study hard, and hope that some day we shall have achieved a profitable education.

—M. J. C.

WE ARE IN STEP

By JOHN J. WALSH, '42

WHEN in these days of stress and chaos we look about ourselves, we may see on all sides the activities of a people who are busy at work—busy at the work of national defense. Few, indeed, are the principles that will force a nation to alter to a considerable degree the life and customs of a large part of its population. But the defense of our great nation, whether it be against foes from within or without, is of paramount importance to every citizen of the United States and since we are citizens it naturally follows that this is a matter of importance to us, despite the fact that what we may do to bolster tangibly the defences of our country may be confined to very narrow limits.

The education of its people is a prime requisite for the preservation of the independence of any nation; and unless the generations that follow the winning of independence are strong enough to protect themselves they will soon be forced into a position of moral and physical servitude to a stronger nation. The history of the world is but one long struggle between the forces of right and wrong; between the forces of oppression and justice. So it is, that today, Americans are face to face with the most trying and critical situation since the days of the Civil War. The words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, echoing down through the years, are as equally applicable today as they were then. We are preparing to test "whether this nation or any other nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure" in a world dominated by forces whose avowed aim is the destruction of all institutions of which our form of government is representative.

Stuff 'n' things.



The bearing of national defense on many high school boys is indirect, but by no means may it be classified as insignificant. For whether or not we realize it, we are now being prepared to carry and to hold aloft the torch, which is the true symbol of American ideas and ideals.

Here in English High School, three departments bear increased responsibility in times of emergency. Let us now consider these departments separately and as a unit with the intention of arriving at a greater understanding of the nexus between High School and National Defense.

The first of these is the physics department under the direction of Mr. Miller, head of the science department. Assisting him are Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Ford, Mr. Frazier, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Woodward. Three courses are open in physics. P1 has no requirements in mathematics and is merely a descriptive course in general physics. P2, which is open only to those who have passed M1, is a course which takes into consideration the likes and dislikes of the average boy and does not meet the requirements of the College Entrance Board. P3 requires a passing grade in both M1 and M2 and is a difficult and special course designed for boys preparing to take the College Board Examinations.

The importance of physics in the outside world is self-evident; a sound foundation in this subject will serve a real purpose in making the United States invincible. Undoubtedly some of the future engineers of America—the men who will build the dams, dig the canals, design the airplanes, invent the machines in the years to come, are to be found among the boys of English High School. Defense and physics are closely related in purpose and in importance! Thus it is that by training the future physicists, by inculcating old ideas into young minds our school plays an essential role in the program of national defense.

Turning our attention now to the other branch of the science department, let us consider the part that chemistry must play in preserving the American way of life. During the war it is the duty of the allied chemists to out-

strip the masterminds of the opposition in perfecting old methods of waging war, and, by constant research to provide the armies with new and better material. It is their responsibility to keep the nation abreast of the times and ahead of the enemy!

When peace and tranquility are restored to this old world, when man again comes to look upon his fellow man with respect and with a sense of equality, it will be then more than ever before that the chemist will come into his own. For, in the final analysis, the real purpose of chemistry is to make life easier; not to make it an ordeal of sorrow and of hate for entire nations. Science may well put forth its efforts toward better ends than the indiscriminate destruction of human life! But just so long as the threat of brute force hangs over our head, just so long must we be prepared to meet it!

What training in chemistry is offered at E. H. S? There are two courses in chemistry, C3 and C4. The former fails to meet C. E. E. B. standards, while the latter provides a thorough training in the essentials of practical chemistry and conforms to the College Board standards. Instruction in this subject is under the following members of the faculty: Mr. Atwood, Mr. Atwood, Mr. Brown, Mr. Card, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Frazier. Here again is another example of how school and government may go hand in hand toward a common goal; how English High School and National Defense may cooperate for mutual benefit!

The other branch of our school which is doing so much to aid in making America secure is, naturally enough, military drill. Every boy who comes to this school is obliged to take two periods of drill each week, excepting, of course, those who are unable because of physical defects. This year, drill will be under the direction of Major Meanix, Colonel Driscoll having been commandeered by the Army of the United States. During the four years of drill every boy is given equal opportunity to advance himself from the rank of private to the rank of colonel on the Prize Drill Day of his senior year. In order to be eligible for a commission in his senior year a cadet must qualify on the following points: scholastic ability, personality marks, and regularity of promotion. Military drill as taught in English High School consists of: "setting-up exercises, military technique, the school of the



The Color Guard Advances

soldier, interpreted broadly so as to include training in courtesy, self-reliance, self-control and personal initiative, for the purpose of developing proper character traits in reliability, manner and cooperation."

In this last department, perhaps more than in the others, it is easier to see a connecting link between our two subjects, for defense usually recalls to mind things which are military in character. However, as we have seen, it takes more than soldiers to win a modern war; trained pilots aren't much good without an army of civilians to build and repair their craft; airplanes by themselves would be practically useless if nobody were capable of manufacturing powerful explosives! Thus we may in full honesty and sincerity say that the ties between national defense and high school education grow stronger with each succeeding day!

The question of national defense is not open to argument; it is a non-debatable topic. We must marshal our intelligence and energy so commandingly that fear will be instilled into the foes of democracy, that they will not dare to violate the integrity of the United States.

We will all have burdens to bear until peace has been restored. Our patience and our endurance will be taxed to the limit, but we must go forward with footing firm and unfaltering! When the smoke of destruction has filtered away and our existence has been restored to normal, the United States will stand alone among the countries of the world as one, indivisible nation where liberty and justice are guaranteed to all!

YOUR WITNESS, MR. D. A.

By ROBERT A. BOOTH, '42

FOR YEARS, Big Louie had run St. Louis. His rackets were vast and numerous, his henchmen strong and vicious. Big Louie preyed upon all the legitimate businesses in the city. He held St. Louis in a steel grip.

The law, however, had caught up with him, temporarily at least, and had indicted him on several charges. Big Louis laughed off the whole court proceedings, snarled at the district attorney, and joked with the newspapermen. And why shouldn't he have taken it all as a huge joke? Hadn't he the best lawyers in the country to defend him? And, more than that, which was very embarrassing to the State's Attorney hadn't the State's witnesses, one after the other, failed to show up? Everyone knew why, but nothing could be done about it. Big Louie's mob had "gotten to them."

The presiding judge, his patience exhausted, told the D.A. that but one day more would be granted him for producing witnesses, and if he failed to produce them within that time, the trial would be thrown out of court. This proclamation threw big Louie into such a fit of laughter, that he was fined for contempt of court.

District Attorney Higgins was worried. He had worked for years trying to pin down St. Louis's gang lord. He had spent much valuable time, much money, much effort in order to rid the city of this unscrupulous underworld czar. All his witnesses had failed him, save one. This one was a lawyer in a neighboring small town, Attorney Stotler. D.A. Higgins wrote to Stotler, warning him that Big Louie would go to any extremes to prevent his coming to St. Louis to testify. He wrote that Big Louie knew how damaging his evidence would be; so damaging, in fact, that even Stotler's life might be placed in jeopardy.

Stotler wired back: "Don't worry." That was all, just "Don't worry." It was not very reassuring to Mr. Higgins, yet all he could do was wait.

In Maplewood, where Lawyer Stotler was preparing to leave for the big town, Louie of St. Louis had placed lookouts to see that Stotler would bring no evidence from that town. The gangsters had been stationed on all the out-leading roads, the bus station, and the railroad

terminal. (There was no airport in Maplewood.)

In his apartment, Lawyer Stotler was devising some scheme to leave the town without being discovered. He well knew that his failing to get by Big Louie's guards might mean his death. He decided upon a plan; a plan which held his fate in the balance. Should he attempt it? It was worth a try. He checked every detail, then left his apartment.

He alighted from a taxi at the railroad station, went in, bought his ticket, and proceeded towards the train. He shot many sidelong glances here and there, trying to discern Big Louie's men. He didn't see them—yet. On he walked towards the train, still craftily looking for them. He knew that Big Louie had issued pictures of him to all his henchmen so that he could be recognized easily and quickly. His legs felt like lead. His step became mechanical. He cast looks about him, half-hoping, half-praying that those he was looking for he would not see. He looked down to the gate entrance to the train, where he would have to pass in order to reach the coach—and there they were! Two of them! There was no mistaking that they were the ones all right. Their profession stuck out all over them. Lawyer Stotler's heart sank. What if they should recognize him? Oh, why did he ever attempt this foolish plan? Too late now.

To turn and leave hastily would only arouse their suspicions. He kept onward, though his legs had turned to water beneath him. The men were but twenty feet from him now. He had an unsuppressible desire to close his eyes—tight. He walked up to them holding his breath, then by them. He expected to feel a heavy hand upon his shoulder at any moment. He didn't dare to look back. No sooner had he climbed onto the train than it began to move. He now ventured a look back to the gate entrance. Yes they were still there! He slumped into a seat under a heavy sigh of relief. He had made it!

Arrived in St. Louis, he went directly to a hotel, and then to a room. Here he took off his clothes: canary-yellow trousers, green shoes, purple coat, orange shirt, and bright red hat.

His theory had been correct. How COULD anyone notice his face while he was wearing such attire?

AU CINEMA

By MELVIN J. COHEN, '42

(Yawn)—Ho-hum—I'm too tired to play ball today—I wonder where I can spend a nice, quiet afternoon—I got it! I haven't been to a "movie" for a long time. I guess I'll go to that new theater down the street and rest up.

ORCHESTRA please—Thank you—I beg your pardon usher, but—

"There are seats right down that aisle, mister."

"Er, would you please show me the way. It's pitch black in here, and my eyes aren't used to the darkness yet."

"What! and waste the battery in my flash-light? Go and find a seat for yourself."

Oh well—(stumble) Whoops!—almost broke my neck that time. I'm lucky I grabbed onto this pole.

"Hey, mister, what do you think I am, a lamp-post? Get your hands off my waist!"

Sorry, lady—Ah, there's a seat—excuse me—may I get through?—At last, a seat. My, what a soft cushion! Ah-hh-h.

"Young man! would you mind getting off my lap! My! What is this world coming to!"

Oh-h excuse me, madam—Here's the seat, thank goodness! But where is the screen? I hear voices but see no screen. Oh—I beg your pardon, lady, but would you please remove your hat so that I too can see the picture?

—Oh, no, I don't mean to be fresh, I just—thank you. Now to relax and see the picture.

"Hey bud, quit shovin' my elbow off the rest! I got here first, see!"

"Certainly, sir, certainly!"

(From the screen) "—and these are my terms! Do you accept or refuse? Remember, your fate depends upon your answer!"

"My answer is—" (crunch) (crunch) Gosh darn it! The most important part of the picture and that man behind me has to eat pop corn!

"Pardon me, sir, but this is the most interesting part of the picture; would you please make less noise?"

"Sure thing—I have some popcorn?"

Oh, what's the use?

"Ah-hh-h, Gosh, Oh Mabel, isn't Hans Somme adoring? What gorgeous broad shoulders, and look at those bulging muscles. If only my Joe looked like him. By the way, I didn't tell you what happened the other day, did I? Well, it was like this. Me and Joe was—"

"Lady, please, a show's going on."

"I was only talkin' to my girl friend. Beside, I paid money, who do you think—"

"And wake up that man beside you—That's right—thank you."

(Cough) (cough) Golly! What's wrong now? Don't tell me the theater's on fire!—Oh, that man's here again!

"I beg your pardon sir, but smoking isn't allowed in the theater."

"What's it to you?"

"Well—er—would you mind blowing the smoke the other way, I'm allergic to smoke."

"Okay, bud, okay!"

Now if that corpulent fellow in front of me will just tilt his head a bit to the right, I believe I may even be able to see the picture.

"Yippee! Hurrah! Oh boy! Hey mister, what are you looking so sad for? It's the Lone Ranger! Yahoo!"

Yes, I know—only too well—Ouch! My toe.

"Excuse me, bud. How's about lettin' me through? By the way, you better get out of here, too. They're showin' the Lone Ranger," and the kids'll drive you crazy."

"No, I guess I'll stay. I want to see Ina Cutie in the next picture."

"Okay, bud, it's your funeral."

Oh it couldn't be as bad as all that—or could it?

"Yahoo! Yippee! Come on, get 'im! Bang! Bang! Hurrah! He got 'im—Aw-w-w!"

Thank goodness, that's over. My head is so full of bang-bangs, that I feel like an arsenal on fire. Now, perhaps, I'll be able to see at least one picture.

(Crack) (crack) Oh-h it's that human candy bag again—"Say, you—Will you—"

"Have some peanuts?"

Aw, nuts!

I wonder what that stuff under my seat is. I guess I'd better leave it alone—if I can—Ouch! Something's in my eye!—Now if I can only rub it out with my finger—Ow-w-some *! *! Gum is all over my face! I've had enough! I'm gettin' out of here while I'm still able to—Get out of my way, you! This time I stop for no one!

"Hello, Jimmy, what's your rush? I see that you were in the show. How are the pictures?"

"Swell!"

TEAM PLAY

By LOUIS F. BLANC, '42

THE hot rays of the early autumn sun beat down mercilessly on the helmeted heads of the Bennington squad as they were panting their way through the most gruelling scrimmage of their pre-season practice. In the stands stood Bill Hinds, editor of the college newspaper, the TATTER, engaged in a conversation with Bob Westly of the MORNING STAR.

"Say," Bob said, "the varsity doesn't look too hot to me. Why, the scrub team is making them look like babies. Who is that scrub right halfback, anyway? No one seems to be able to lay a hand on him."

"Oh him!" said Bill, disgustedly. "He's the coach's kid and he's got a yellow streak a yard wide right down the middle of his back."

"What do you mean?" remarked Bob, amazed. "He's making mince meat out of those vaunted varsity men."

"Oh sure! he's always good in practice, but just let him get into a game where his performance really counts and he blows up higher than a kite. He fumbles the passes from center and turns pale when he sees a tackler headed for him. He's just plain hopeless."

"How does his father feel about it?" asked Bob, interested at the thought of a good human interest story.

"Oh! he takes it pretty hard. He's taught the kid all he knows about the game and he still hasn't awakened to the fact that the kid's plain scared."

The shrill treble of a whistle pierced the silence and Coach Martin, stocky and of slightly less

than average height, strode swiftly out on the field. "What are you fellows doing, playing ping-pong? You've been fumbling all over the field and the scrubs are pushing you all around. Now get out there and dig in hard and do something or we won't get you far against Tech next week."

"Hey, you!" the coach called to Walter Prentiss, the tall strongly built, first string half back. "What's the matter this year, anyway? You couldn't fool an old lady with the way you're handling that lateral reverse. You'd better snap out of it if you expect to find your name in the starting line-up. You can call it quits now. Go home and get a good night's sleep and show me tomorrow that it's done you some good."

"Okay fellows! On your feet! We'll go through K3 again. Martin, you get in there at right half."

The kid looked at his father without saying a word and hurried into position. This time the play worked to perfection. The kid took the pass from center, faked it, and started out around his own right end, running as if he were possessed, and passing out his own interference.

The players murmured to one another and the kid imagined he could hear them saying, "If he could only do that in a game." If he could only do that in a game! Why couldn't he do it? Heaven knows he had tried hard enough. He had played football ever since he had left grammar school. He talked football at home with his father and he read every book he could get his hands on that dealt with football strategy.

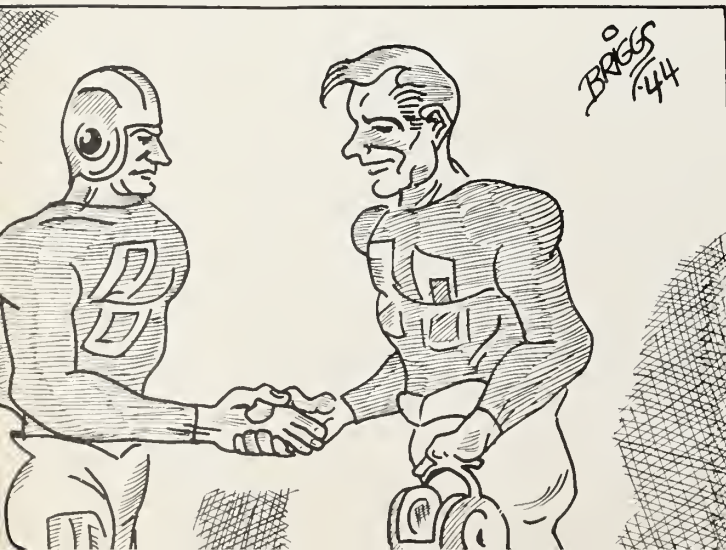
That evening Martin sat in his room talking to his roommate, Tommy Wright.

"What's eating you anyway?" said Tommy. "A few days ago you were praying that they would give you another chance to show what you could do and now you're kicking because you got the chance. Why, the plays went as smooth as silk today. I heard the fellows saying that—"

"I know, you heard the fellows saying that the only reason that I was ever allowed to play in a game was because my father was coach."

"I hope you're not letting Prentiss' malicious

Prentiss went in and the tide of battle suddenly changed.



slander get the better of you. Why, he's just jealous."

At these words the door swung open and Walter Prentiss stepped into the room.

"Just thought I'd drop in and congratulate you, Martin."

"But why?" said Martin, "I just took over temporarily this afternoon."

"Yea! just temporarily for the big game next week. I should have thought your father would have told you before he put up the starting line-up."

"Just one minute," said the kid staring into Prentiss' eyes unwaveringly. "If I was chosen as starting right half, it's because I've worked ten times as hard to become a fair player as you have to become a good one. You know you are a better player than I am, but you haven't helped the school any by resting on your last year's laurels. While I am on the subject, I have a confession to make: I don't like football, in fact I hate it and I always have hated it. Every time I get into a game I'm scared to death. Why, it it hadn't been for breaking my father's heart, I would have given it up a long time ago."

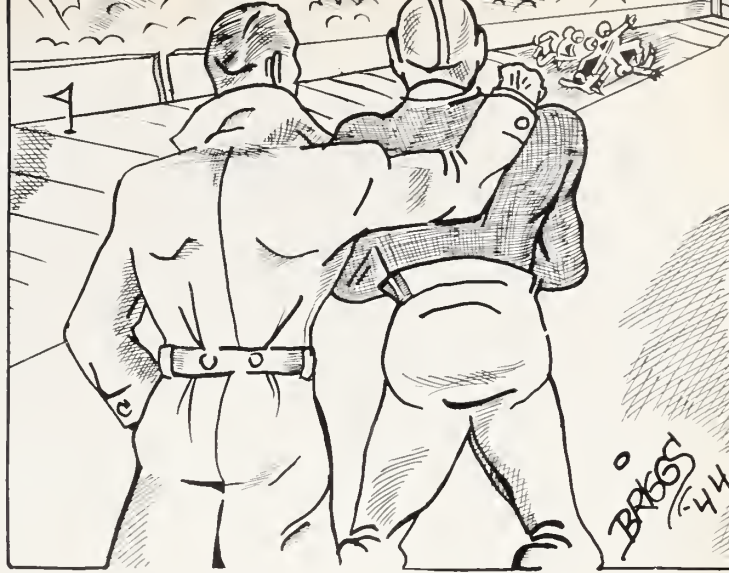
"Gee, Kid! I never knew. I never realized what a heel I was not only to you, but also to the school. Thanks for the let down, Kid. Believe me, I'll get out there and fight even if I have to spend the rest of the year on the scrub team."

The day of the big game came around. It was a few hours before the game and the kid was at home speaking with his father.

"Dad, you don't understand. Prentiss has been practicing like the devil lately. Why he's twice the backfield man that I am."

"Not a chance, son. I want someone in there that I can depend on, and say, by the way, if I were you I wouldn't pay much attention to anything that you may hear about drag. You can bet that I wouldn't put you in if I didn't know you had the spirit and ability to play a better game than anyone else."

"Well, folks," the announcer's voice boomed the end of the first half, "Bennington is certainly outplayed today. The line is holding but there is a weakness in the back-field. The plays just aren't



"Martin, you get in there at right half."

clicking as they should. Yes, it certainly looks bad for the home team today."

The referee's whistle shrilled and play was resumed. Although the score was still 0-0, the superior Tech team was plunging relentlessly on towards Bennington's goal. On third down Tech sent a smashing off-tackle play through the right side of the Bennington line. When the players had unscrambled themselves, one figure lay motionless on the ground. It was the kid. He had wrenched his knee pretty badly. After a brief consultation with the captain and referee, he was helped, limping, off the field. Prentiss went in and the tide of battle suddenly changed. After holding the powerful Tech team for four successive downs, Bennington took possession of the ball and kicked out of danger.

Now it was Tech's first down on their own twenty yard line. On their very first play a tall, sturdy figure slashed through the line and tackled the runner so savagely that he fumbled and Prentiss recovered.

The very next play the Tech team was expecting a series of line bucks, but again Prentiss did the unexpected by faking the ball, fading back, tossing a perfect pass right into the arms of one of his team mates in the end zone.

"There's the gun! The game's over!" cried reporter Bob Westly to Tommy Wright who was standing near him. "Hey—just a minute! Isn't that young Martin who just ran out on the field to congratulate Prentiss? I thought he had injured his leg."

"Well, I'll be a son-of-a-gun!" cried Tommy. "I guess he just plumb forgot to limp."

NIGHT RIDE

By PAUL M. DONOVAN, '42

AS I drove slowly along the road to Littletown one black October night, the cold rain pounded on the windshield and red dead leaves went scurrying by like little demons. The huge trees, laden with withered foliage, raised their branches and reached out menacing fingers as I passed. My hands were purple from gripping the icy wheel and my face was corpse-like in the dimly-lighted rear view mirror.

Then the music on the radio ceased and an excited voice broke in. "Several inmates of the Littletown Insane Hospital are believed to have escaped this evening when lightning struck the boiler room of the forty-year-old building causing a fire which is now being fought by all available fire companies. Citizens are warned that the escaped inmates are dangerous and are urged to report to the police the presence of any strangers in their neighborhood." . . .

"Well, that's something nice and cozy to think about on the way to town. But, what difference should it make to me? I'm miles from Littletown and they'll be rounded up before I get there."

"What do you mean, you big stiff? You're scared and scared plenty! They could be lurking behind any one of these trees on this eerie road. You're jittery and you know it. What are you going to do now, big boy? You can turn back, can't you?"

"Turn back? Say, that's not a bad idea!"

I'd like to turn back, but look at that road—narrow, muddy, and deeply rutted. Turning the car would be hazardous in daylight, but at night with countless insane persons roaming the countryside it would be suicidal. Why, one of those nuts might jump at me from the bushes in the process.

"No, no, bright eyes, the best thing for you to do is to step on the gas, sing loud, and pray low . . . O! Sole-O-Mio! . . ."

As I finished my meditating and my debating, the news commentator returned to the air. "Dr. William 'Red' Thomas, former All-America half back and a member of the staff of the Littletown Insane Hospital, was stabbed and brutally beaten by an unseen assailant early this evening as fire destroyed the main building of the forty-year-old institution. It is believed that Dr.

Thomas' assailant is still at large as several patients are believed to have escaped in the confusion of the fire. Although the superintendent states that attendants in charge of all wards have reported no patients missing, a definite check-up is impossible while the fire continues to rage. Citizens are therefore warned to report to the police the presence of any strangers in their neighborhood."

"Whew—that's a relief. There's probably only one missing. I'm safe on this road; it isn't used much and not even an insane guy would come down here looking for a ride."

In spite of the rain, the night now seemed beautiful to me and I settled back more comfortably and began to whistle. Then a light flashed back and forth down the road in front of me and my heart almost stopped.

"Could this be one of the inmates?"

I put my car into reverse and backed up several yards, then turned the headlights directly on the person with the light. Then as fast as my fears had come, they vanished, for there standing in the middle of the road, eyeing a flat tire with disgust was an attractive blonde of about twenty.

I pulled over to her and offered my services. She was crying, but I didn't blame her, for I was beginning to feel jittery again now that I had stepped from the protection of the car. While I was removing the tire, she kept up a constant nervous chatter about the fire and the escaped inmates, a chatter punctuated by sniffles and sobs. I almost wept with her when I found that the spare tire was badly punctured.

"Well, young lady, I think you'll have to come back to town with me," I said. "That spare tire is all done."

It was a relief to get back into the car and to smoke a cigarette. I offered one to my companion. When I held a match for her, she shielded the flame with her hands. Then a wave of awful revulsion engulfed me, for beneath her long nails were short strands of red hair. Dr. Thomas! Dr. RED Thomas! She saw the horror in my eyes and she knew what I was thinking. Before I could move, a knife flashed in her up-raised hand. This was the end!

The knife came towards me—I could almost feel the blade. Then, a faint scream and “Cut! CUT! the scene is spoiled. That dope, Miss Glamour, has fainted again. Douse her with water!”

She rose weakly, but with head high. “Oh! I am so sorree, Mr. Directeur, but every time I

think of me, leetle petite me, Francine Glamour, even keeling a person een zee movies, eet eez too mooch. I queet! I resign! I tear up zee contract! Now I zink I go home and play what you call zee checkers weeth my maid. Besides, I am hongry.”

IT MAY YET COME TO THIS

By HAROLD OREL '43

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, men and women of the listening audience. Tonight we are going to bring you another thrilling episode in the astounding career of—Stuporman!

SOUND: Drone of flying airplane.

FIRST MAN: It's an eagle!

SECOND MAN: It's a plane!

WOMAN (terribly bored with it all) It's Stuporman, really it is.

ANNOUNCER: Before we show you why crime does not pay nowadays because of Stuporman, may I say just a word about our sponsor's product? (In a sinister, confidential tone): Do you know why you're so weak, so run-down, such a terrible physical wreck? Well, just in case you don't, here's how to remedy it: Schmigelmeyer's Corn Flakes pep you up, give you that extra “something.” And for each 1,000 boxes of Schmigelmeyer's Corn Flakes you buy, we'll give you free a beautiful big picture of Stuporman . . .

SOUND: A hand-organ (and very bad, too).

ANNOUNCER: But enough of this; I'm sure most of you out there already appreciate our generosity, so without further ado, let us take you to the hideout of Killer Grogan and his henchmen, the roughest, toughest mob this side of Thoity-thoid Street. (Fade)

KILLER GROGAN: Okay, boys, I guess we better leave. The cops found out where we is, and dey'se closin' in fast.

FIRST STOOGES: Ya sure said a mouthful, Killer.

KILLER GROGAN: (Proudly) Don't I always, though? Huh?

SECOND STOOGES: But chee, boss, listen, dere's a bank wot's easy pickin's, right down de street. I ort to know; I'se seen it.

KILLER GROGAN: (Interestedly) Yeh? Say, dat's good.

SOUND: Door opening and closing.

KILLER GROGAN: Who's dat?

KARP CLENT: (In a very cultivated Oxford accent) It is I, Karp Clent, reporter for the Daily Cashews.

SECOND STOOGES: Give 'im de woiks, boss!

Killer Grogan: Yeh, I'm in a hurry. Fill him up with holes, boys.

SOUND: Machine-guns, rifles, bombs, fire-engines, and finally a little “plink.”

KARP CLENT: (Just a bit bored) It does no good to discharge those toys at me.

KILLER GROGAN: (We can just imagine his jaws separating; in fact, we do.) Why—you're Stuporman! !

ANNOUNCER: (In a hurry to get off the air and go to the movies). And so, ladies and gentlemen, we conclude another exciting episode. Will there be a fight? Will Killer Grogan get Stuporman out of the way, or vice versa? Will the international situation get worse? (Exasperated). Will you please run down to your neighborhood grocer and get a box of delicious, tempting Schmigelmeyer's Corn Flakes? Will you? (Disgustedly). Darned if I know.



Old English

By JOHN J. WALSH, '42

IT IS DIFFICULT to find a more convincing proof that the true spirit of English High School is undying and perpetual than in the devotion and fidelity to their Alma Mater manifested by the members of the class of 1888 whose fiftieth reunion was held on June 25, 1938.

All of us, and especially members of the class of 1942 will do well to take to heart the significance of this reunion and to derive from it a general idea of what is expected from us. We may not now realize it, but fifty years from now, few institutions and certainly no individual will hold a position of greater respect or deeper reverence, in the minds and hearts of us all, as will our high school and the pleasant memories associated with it.

The road ahead is dark and uncertain; the perils widespread and hidden. The trials of the world and the influences of worldly antagonisms

will strive to rend asunder and to corrupt those principles of manhood and of Americanism that we have absorbed by living in an age that is without a parallel in the history of the world, principles which have been confirmed by our training in the oldest high school in the United States.

But so too were the days that lay ahead for the class of 1888. For them, there were none of the modern conveniences which are comparative luxuries when we pause to consider the hardships of their everyday life. They have seen the horse car replaced by the automobile and electric cars; they have seen the introduction of the radio, the wireless and the telephone; they have thrilled to the earliest moving pictures; they have seen the gradually increasing number of airplanes span the vast expanses of the sky. They have seen changes made in every aspect of our moral,



social, and political life. They have seen reforms instituted and old customs revived. They have seen themselves occupy positions of trust and great responsibility. They have done their job well and are now prepared to vacate in favor of modern youth. For as the old and young grow older, the opportunities of tomorrow reveal themselves in raiment pure and transparent to the young men of today.

Now, to turn to our role in this drama of sincere school spirit, let us consider just what we must do to maintain the high standards of scholastic and mannerly training for which English High School has been so long famous. Established in 1821, standing today as a monument to the educational system of the City of Boston, our high school has steadfastly considered that an essential part of true education is the training of its students in the ways of honesty and respect for authority. Indeed, this is more than an essential part of education; it is a fundamental part of the training that is an absolute necessity if we are to be successful in the world at large!

While we are in school we should put forth our best effort so that we may be the better prepared to overcome all obstacles and impediments that may beset us. The obligation to our school is great; but our obligations to our nation is greater still! But our greatest obligation is to ourselves! For we are but what we make of ourselves. It is entirely in our own hands that the decision rests. We may do our best and so doing, attain the heights of our every ambition. Then again, we may be indifferent toward our work, and having neglected it will find that the degree of success within our grasp is extremely limited. The opportunity is omnipresent, and upon what we make of it now depends our status in future life.

But whether our fortunes are good or evil; whether our shortcomings are great or small, there shall always be the beacon light of English High School serving to inspire us on to greater heights, to console us in our sorrows, to join with us in our struggles, and to congratulate us on our victories!

THE REEF

By VINCENT L. YSEBAERT, '42

A THICK, wet blanket of fog covered the small island and the bay. Captain Josh, as the islanders called the grizzled old fisherman, slowly made his way along the path that led to the beach. When he reached his destination he looked about and called, "Eddie, you here?"

"Oh, hi there, Cap'n. Fog's pretty thick, isn't it?" said a boy in his early teens.

"I was worried about you, boy. Thought maybe you might have tried to take the **Dolphin** out," said the Captain.

"I'm a better sailor than that, Cap'n," answered the boy.

"I figured you were, son. Is the **Dolphin** all right?"

"I guess so, Cap'n Josh. The fog's so thick I can't see her."

Captain Josh fondled his beard thoughtfully. "That boat's my pride and joy. It took me nigh onto twenty years to save the money to buy her. She's a beauty, ain't she?" said Captain Josh, making no attempt to hide his pride in the boat.

"She's the fastest motor boat around these parts, Cap'n. I sure hope I'll have one like her when I'm older," said Eddie, enthusiastically.

The old fisherman put his arm about the boy's shoulders. "You will have some day, Eddie," he promised. "You'll have the **Dolphin** herself. I'll see to that."

"You should have put a light on her, Cap'n. I hope no one crashes into her," said the boy anxiously.

"Or the reef, either, son. It's a bad night and there's no light on the reef. I've always held that the city should build a light there," the

captain drawled. He knew only too well the danger, as did Eddie.

It was six years ago on a foggy night such as this one that Eddie's father and mother had been drowned. They had gone out on a perfectly clear morning to a neighboring island to visit some friends. While they were there, a heavy fog had settled over the bay. The friends had warned them about the danger, but they had been in a hurry to get back to Eddie whom they had left with Captain Josh. They never saw Eddie again, for on the way back, their boat had piled up on the reef. Captain Josh had heard their cries, but had reached them too late. He had always blamed himself for the tragedy.

"She'll be all right, Cap'n. We'd better go back," said Eddie. "It's not good for you to be out on a damp day like this."

"Nonsense," snapped the Captain, "I'm better able to be out than you. I've lived in the open all my life, and I hope I'll die in it. But there's nothing to keep us here. Come on. I don't want you to catch a cold."

They went along the beach toward the rude shanty which was the only home that the captain had ever known. As they reached the door, they heard a dull crash followed by a woman's terrified scream and a man's frantic cry for help.

"A boat's aground on the reef, Eddie," cried Captain Josh, "I'm going out there."

"But, Cap'n, the doc said no excitement on account of your heart! Let me go and you stay here," offered the boy.

"Nonsense. And have you killed, too? It's all my fault your parents were killed. I'm going out there!" the captain insisted. He ran from the shanty toward a punt moored on the beach. Eddie followed. "You stay there," he said to Eddie.

"Nothing doing," answered the boy. "If there's going to be any excitement I'm going to be in on it."

"Hurry, then. We've got to make time."

"I'll row, Cap'n," offered Eddie.

"We've got to go fast. I'll row."

The punt sped toward the **Dolphin** under the captain's strokes. Soon they were aboard the **Dolphin**.

"Ready Ed? Here we go."

The trim craft raced through the waves as if

The water was becoming much rougher.



she knew what her mission was. Night had begun to fall and the thickening fog intensified the early evening darkness. From the other parts of the bay they could hear the mournful wail of the fog horns, and above these the cries of the victims of the reef.

"Cap'n! Cut the motor, I can see the reef," cried Eddie suddenly, "and there's the boat!" The boat or what had been the boat was partly on the reef. Three pitiful figures who looked as if they had about given up hope of rescue, were clinging to its side.

"See anyone?" asked the captain.

"Three people. Two women and a man I think."

At this point, one of the women cried, "Bill! Bill! It's a boat. We're saved!"

"I can't bring her in any farther," called the captain. "I'll have to throw you a rope. Make it fast to one of the rocks."

The three did exactly as they were told and finally all of them were safely aboard. By this time night had fallen and the darkness appalled the three who had been rescued.

"How can you possibly find your way to shore?" asked one of the women.

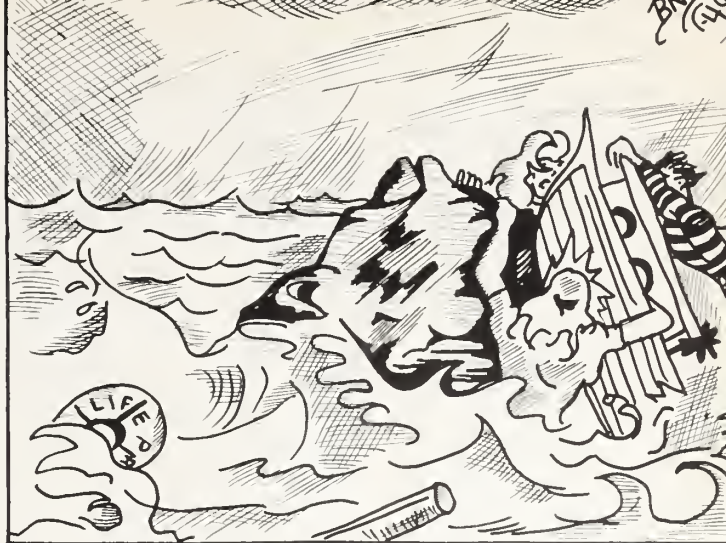
"Never fear, Ma'am. We'll get there safe enough," answered the captain, "Would you mind my asking why you ever happened to go out in this fog?"

"Not at all," said the man. "We went to one of the smaller islands on a picnic. We saw the fog coming up and tried to beat it back and—well, you know the rest. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm William Haynes; this is my wife; and this is my sister. I'll see that you get an ample reward for this."

"I don't want your money, but I'll take it for Eddie. If it hadn't been for him, I'd have piled up on the reef myself. My eyes ain't so good any more," said the captain.

This was true enough and it was also true that the captain's memory wasn't what it used to be, or he would have noticed that the **Dolphin** was not on the right course but was heading directly for Suicide Point. As notorious as the reef, this rocky peninsula had claimed many lives. The water was becoming much rougher and it looked as if a Nor'easter was coming up. The boat was almost upon the Point when Eddie cried, "Cap'n, we're almost on Suicide Point! Steer her to starboard!"

The cold gray cliffs loomed up in front of the boat and for a moment it looked as if Eddie's



"Bill! It's a boat. We're saved!"

warning had come too late. Then, not six feet from the cliff the captain skillfully turned the craft away. Not a word was spoken until the captain said, "Drop anchor, Eddie."

"Aye, aye, sir," Eddie answered cheerfully. "I'll row the punt in."

"No, Eddie, it's too much of a load for you. I'll row," said Captain Josh. "Pile out, folks, and into the punt. Eddie, help the ladies down."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The captain reached toward Eddie. "Give me a hand, son." Eddie helped him into the punt and he rowed for shore. When they reached shore, Eddie pulled the punt onto the sand and the three shipwreck victims got out.

"Come on, Cap'n. I'll beach the boat," said Eddie turning toward it. The old fisherman was slumped forward. "Cap'n, Cap'n, what's wrong?" he cried.

The Captain did not answer.

Mr. Haynes went over to him and felt his pulse.

"Is—is he—"

"No, Eddie, but I don't know what's wrong with him. Alice, you're a nurse. What do you think?"

Alice Haynes, his sister, examined the captain carefully. "I would say that he's had a stroke from over-exertion. You had better carry him to his house, William."

"Oh, Miss," cried Eddie, "will he be all right?"

"I don't know, Eddie; he is very sick."

Eddie sorrowfully led the way to the weather-worn shanty and opened the lockless door. He motioned to a cot in one corner and Mr. Haynes laid the old man on it.

"I'll light a lamp," said the boy taking an ancient oil lamp from the doorless cupboard. As he lit the lamp, it shed strange patterns on the

coiling. The old man stirred as Eddie bent over him.

"Eddie," he said.

"Cap'n! You're awake!"

"Did I get the folks to shore, Eddie?"

"Sure, Cap'n, safe and sound."

"Eddie, I hope you'll be brave," said the captain slowly.

"Be brave? What do you mean?" asked the startled boy.

"I— I know I'm done for, son," he answered. "You'll be brave, won't you? And take good care of the **Dolphin**. You've always wanted a motorboat."

"Not at the cost of losing you, Cap'n."

"Oh—I'm not—much—of a loss—I'm—" He fell back on the cot.

"Cap'n! Cap'n!" cried Eddie. "Oh Miss Haynes, is he—"

"I'm afraid so, Eddie," she said gently.

"Not the Cap'n. He couldn't be," wailed the wretched boy. "Oh Cap'n! Cap'n!" he threw himself on the cot and sobbed furiously.

"Eddie," soothed Miss Haynes, "he asked you to be brave. Try to be—for him."

Eddie rose trying to hold back his grief. "I'll b—be brave," he said, "Goodbye, Cap'n. I'll take good care of the **Dolphin**. The reef won't get her!" His voice breaking, he dashed from the room to the familiar beach where was moored all that was now left to him—the **Dolphin**.

Mr. Haynes found him there, clutching the captain's oilskins sobbing. He led the lad back to the pitiful shanty. Perhaps Eddie could take care of the **Dolphin**. But who would take care of him? Mr. Haynes thought that he knew the answer. Perhaps the reef had told him.

BENCHLING

By ROBERT A. BOOTH, '42

THIS was Jim's last year in college. For two seasons now he had been a member of the football squad, hoping against hope that some day he would be given a chance to play. But not once had Coach Packard sent him in. He was small, he knew, but he had plenty of fight and heart. Surely this year he would get into a game. Why, the coach couldn't refuse him at least one chance after two years of steady, earnest play on the scrubs.

Still the games went on and he continued to warm the bench, never complaining, but always hopeful, always pleading to get in. "Some time when we need you, Jim" was the coach's constant answer. Jim began to think that the coach would never need him.

Finally, late November rolled around, with Jim never once having been sent into play and with the big game with State only four days off, Jim realized that his last chance, the last chance of his life, was just four days off. He decided that he must do something about it; he must get into that game. He talked it over with Coach Packard at his home.

"Coach, here's the way I feel about it. I've been on the squad for three years now, trying my darndest to prove to you that I'm capable. I've worked harder than anyone else in scrimmage, and I've gone over and over all the plays you've given us. You've never said I was no good, and still, you've never sent me into even one game. This is my last year at Dawson, and

next Saturday our last game comes up. This is my last opportunity. I realize that if we win this one, we'll get a bowl bid, and I know you wouldn't want to take any chances on losing that. But, I'm asking you once and for all, coach, will you give me a chance?"

Coach Packard shifted in his seat. He slowly lighted a cigarette, and then looked full into Jim's face.

"Kid, my job depends on this game with State. You're right when you say that I wouldn't take any chances on losing it. I know how anxious you are to play. Don't you think I've known how you've wanted to play all year? But I couldn't take any chances. And I can't take any chances with green material now. Jim, you're too small. I don't want you to get hurt. However,"—here Jim's eyes lighted up with hope—"I'll promise you one thing. If we roll up a big enough lead on Saturday, I'll send you in."

Jim leaped out of his chair.

"You will? You'll send me in?"

"If we roll up a good lead, yes."

"Yippee! Oh, boy! ME in the big game! Wow! I've got to go now!"

Jim raced out of the house and down the street, leaving Packard standing in the doorway, grinning at his player's joy.

So he was going to play after all? Then all his work hadn't been for nothing. He was going to play! Jim was bursting with pride, joy, and excitement as he ran into the Western Union

office, flushed and panting, to wire his girl friend to come on from New York to see him play for Dawson. At last! At last he'd make Margie proud of him! At last, coach Packard would find out that he had a real player on the squad! At last he'd have his chance to play for Dawson!

The next four days seemed eternity to Jim. The minutes crawled by, the hours seemed like aeons. But, as the days have a habit of doing, they spent themselves.

Dawson stadium was jammed full. Everywhere was noise, crowds, excitement. The bands left the field of play, and the big Dawson team came onto the field. The stands shook with applause, and Jim felt his heart beat faster: today was his day. To him, that tremendous ovation was for him. He took his place on the bench as the teams lined up for the kick-off. He felt very happy. Today, for once, he would not spend the entire afternoon just sitting there on an inglorious plank. He was going to play!

In the first quarter, powerful Dawson pushed across a touchdown. Jim was the most elated person in the stadium. He jumped up, and yelled and danced. Six points nearer his chance! The try for the extra point failed. But what of that? They'd score eight more touchdowns before the day was over! The Blitz had started, felt Jim. But Dawson didn't score again in the first quarter, nor in the second. In fact Dawson didn't look so powerful out there on the field as they had all season long. As the half ended, Jim was a little worried—not much, just a little. He still felt sure that Dawson would run roughshod over State in the second half.

The teams kicked off again at the start of the third quarter. Dawson was visibly weakening. State was overpowering them, minute by minute. In the last quarter, it happened. The world crashed in around poor Jim. State scored! The visiting rooters screamed. Then State kicked the extra point. 7-6! The visitors shook the earth beneath Jim's feet with cheering. But he was deaf to it all. He was lost in his own anguish. So Margie had come a thousand miles for nothing! His last hope was blasted!-

Play was resumed, but Jim no longer had any interest in it. "If we roll up a good lead, I'll send you in." The coach's words of four days ago ran through his mind. A good lead! Not only did Dawson not have a good lead, but they were being licked. "I can't take any chances." No, Coach Packard couldn't take any chances on him. Dawson was still in the game, and the coach couldn't take any chances on HIM. Well, that ended his hopes!

Suddenly, someone tapped Jim on the shoulder. He didn't respond. That someone tapped Jim harder. This time, he looked up. It was Coach Packard.

"Still want to play, Jim?"

Jim didn't answer. He was dumfounded. Was he hearing right?

"Do you still want to play?" the coach repeated.

Did he still want to play? After waiting three long years, did he still want to play!

"You bet I do, coach! Just let me in there!"

"Go on in, Jimmy, and good luck to you!"

Jim clapped on his gold helmet, and rushed out onto the gridiron. One fan, anyway, cheered as the perennial bench-warmer came into the game. He was in the game! "This was his first and last game! This was his chance! He'd show them!"

Jim called signals for the first play. He'd carry around right end. He carried around right end. No gain. He called signals again. This time he'd take the ball off left tackle. He took the ball. Three yard loss.

The referee announced "One minute to go, men!"

One minute! One minute in which to win this all-important game! Sixty seconds more and the game would be all over. Jim had to think fast. He called signals again. The Dawson team broke out of the huddle. They lined up, and the ball was snapped to Jim. He faded back, faked a pass, tucked the ball under his right arm, and started out around end. Do or die! The white stripes flew by under his winged feet. Down the sidelines he raced, glory bound! The 40 yard line—the 30—the 20—here the safety man of State came for him. Jim stuck out his arm and sent State's last hope sprawling—the 10 yard line—the 5—over! TOUCHDOWN! Dawson wins!

Jim never did remember very clearly what happened after he crossed the last wide white stripe that spelled victory. He could see only a haze of players slapping him on the back, jumping all over him, howling with joy, the stands rocking back and forth in tumultuous cheers, the goal posts teetering crazily beneath the blow of a thousand wild souvenir-hunting fans.

Jim was up in the clouds with joy; Margie was filled to overflowing with pride for him. But the coach—he was a teeming mass of emotions.

For fear his own son, little Jim Packard, would be injured, he had kept All-American timber on the bench for three years! !

WORLD FAMOUS

By MARTIN BOOKSPAN, '43

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra entered its 61st season Friday afternoon, October 10. Serge Koussevitzky then began his 18th successive year as conductor.

The orchestra was founded in 1881 by Major Henry Lee Higginson. Major Higginson assembled a group of instrumentalists and engaged an Englishman of German birth, George Henschel, as first conductor of the orchestra.

Under Henschel, who found in the orchestra an untrained group of men who had never played together, the orchestra progressed slowly, receiving more praise from their audiences than from the critics. Henschel conducted the orchestra from 1881 to 1884. In 1884 when he left he did not say farewell, however, for he returned during the orchestra's 50th anniversary year as Sir George Henschel and was one of the guest conductors of the orchestra.

Henschel was succeeded at the podium of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Wilhelm Gericke. Under Gericke, who was a strict disciplinarian and polisher, the orchestra assumed a more business-like attitude, and began to show signs of the technical skill which was to distinguish its playing many years later. Even the critics who were often very harsh praised the performances. Gericke served from 1884 to 1889.

With the coming of Artur Nikisch from Europe, the Boston Symphony began its climb to the top of the symphony orchestras of the world. Nikisch, a Hungarian, brought fire, dash, and romance to his performances. In Europe he was considered as one of the great conductors of the day, and here in Boston he did much to bear out this belief. When he first came to Boston, Nikisch was so amazed by the skill of the men that he said, "This is such a great orchestra; all I have to do is poetize." The period of years during which he was at the helm of the orchestra (1885-1893) were among the most fruitful in its history.

Nikisch was succeeded by Emil Paur (1893-1898). Paur was dynamic in his interpretations and conducted with much vigor. He introduced the music of Johann Straus to Boston audiences.

In 1898 Wilhelm Gericke, who had conducted the orchestra from 1884 to 1889, returned for a second time as conductor of the orchestra. This time he was much better equipped than during his first term.

Then the great Dr. Karl Muck took over the reins of the orchestra. Dr. Muck, a German, was called back to Germany soon after he came here because the Kaiser did not wish to have this genius in a foreign land. Thus the period of years during which Dr. Muck served here during his first term is very small; he served as conductor of the orchestra from 1906 to 1908.

Max Fiedler (1908-1912) was commissioned as the new conductor. His programs were more in the popular vein and in the light classics. It was he who introduced Sibelius to the Hub.

In 1912 Dr. Muck returned to Boston for his second term as conductor and made the Boston Symphony the greatest orchestra in the world. He gave the orchestra a rich, sonorous voice which was unique in those days and which since has been equalled only by the present Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky. There is a tragedy, however, concerning Dr. Muck's second term.

Dr. Muck led the orchestra during that period in our history when public sentiment was against anything that had to do with Germany, as is the case again, and Dr. Muck was a German.

During one of the regular concerts by the Boston Symphony the audience demanded that Muck lead the orchestra in the "Star-Spangled Banner." Muck refused on the grounds that this music was not fit to be heard on the same program with music of Beethoven and Brahms. In other words the art of music was so holy to him that he considered it blasphemy to play inferior music. When he refused to play the "Star-Spangled Banner" the fury of the country burst upon him and when the smoke cleared Dr. Muck was in prison accused of being a spy. The people were so infuriated that one newspaper referred to him as "the worst conductor in the world." When Dr. Muck was finally released from prison he left the country. Today, when all this is past history, we see that America lost one of its most noble musical figures by practically driving Dr. Muck out of the country.

Henri Rabaud (1918-1919) followed Dr. Muck as conductor, but both he and Pierre Monteux (1919-1924) who followed him were unable to bridge the gap left by the departure of Dr. Muck.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was in a bad state of affairs in 1924. Most of the better players had been lured to New York by the

promise of higher wages. The trustees of the orchestra were looking for a new conductor, one who would rebuild the orchestra to its former prominent place in the musical horizon. They found just such a dynamic personality in Serge Koussevitzky.

When Dr. Koussevitzky came here he was fresh from triumphs in London and Paris. He was given full power to do whatever he liked in order to rebuild the orchestra, and this he did with zest. He fired outright those musicians who did not meet his stiff demands. He hired new musicians and appointed a new concertmaster. And slowly he welded together a new and truly great orchestra.

Originally famed as a great interpreter of contemporary music, Dr. Koussevitzky blossomed forth as an equally great classic interpreter. His Beethoven was as dramatic as his Sibelius, his Brahms as sonorous as his Richard

Strauss. His Mozart showed precise treatment of details and great orchestral balance.

Each year has brought further progress. In 1929 the orchestra began recording for R.C.A. Victor. Also in 1929 the famous Esplanade Concerts were founded. In 1937 Mrs. Gorham Brooks presented the estate of Tanglewood in the Berkshire Hills to the orchestra for the establishment of a permanent musical school. The activities at Tanglewood have been growing each summer. In 1938 the orchestra played in the newly-completed and acoustically perfect Shed. In 1940 the scope of the Berkshire Musical Festival was extended to three weeks. The Festival at Tanglewood is now the premiere summer musical event in the world.

As the Boston Symphony Orchestra enters its sixty-first season, Bostonians may once again consider it the greatest orchestral body in the world.

RECORDERS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JOHN J. WALSH, '42

Literary Editor

MELVIN J. COHEN '42

Contributing Editors

VINCENT L. YSEBAERT '42

ROBERT H. BOOTH '42

PAUL M. DONOVAN '42

LOUIS F. BLANC '42

HAROLD OREL '43

Reporters

ROY WOOLDRIDGE '42

FREDERICH DONALDSON '42

BENJAMIN L. TOY '43

Art

JOSEPH DISTASIO '42

ROBERT CUMMINGS '43

NELSON BRIGGS '44

Business Manager

FRANCIS L. X. REGAN '42

CHARLES KENNEY, Asst. '43

Circulation Manager

RICHARD G. O'BRIEN '42

FRANCIS AMIRAUT, Asst. '43

Advertising

GOON LEE CHIN '42

SUMNER H. FRANKLIN '43

ALBERT GOODMAN '42

EDWARD HYMOFF '42

ROBERT VARNERIN '43

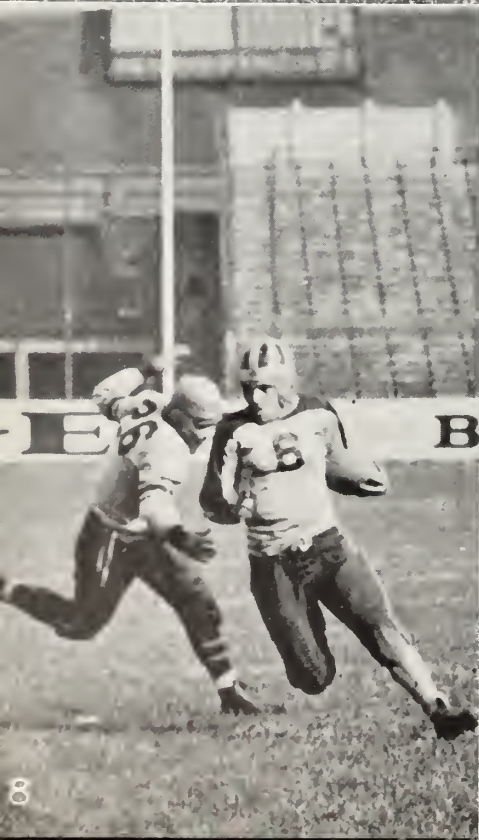
Faculty Advisers

MR. KANE, *Executive*

MR. HEFFERNAN, *Literary*

MR. SULLIVAN, *Business*

1. Bob Murphy tries tackle.
2. "— and so, kiddies, Little Red Riding Hood came."
3. Milton Ratlet skirts the end.
4. Did he make it?
5. Stopped for no gain.
6. English on the defense.
7. Bring him down!
8. Sullivan stops Doherty, B. C. H.
9. Loose ball!
10. "Did you ever hear of "Toz," Larry?
11. Fred Waggett carries the mail.





UNDER THE TOWERS

By FREDRICK DONALDSON, '42

(Mr. Benson of the English Department toured Mexico this summer. His visit there occasioned the following correspondence.)

September 24, 1941

The E. H. S. RECORD

Boston, Mass.

My dear Editor:

I am very much interested in your letter of September 20 and will give you as much help as I can. I don't know just how far back to go.

I was delighted to have the opportunity to make the group for the English High School particularly. It was a fine opportunity in itself. Because of my husband's being an educator, I am also interested in work at schools and colleges; and perhaps first in importance, my group was to go in the same hall in close association with the one by Daniel Chester French, in whose studio I worked for some years and who became almost a father to me. I was married at his estate in Stockbridge, and my association with

Mr. French was long and intimate, and my devotion to him very deep.

When the committee first came to see me, the title that they suggested was "Achievement." I think what was in their minds was that Mr. French's group showed the young man leaving school and going out to life; that they wanted something to show what he accomplished. I felt that achievement in itself was a less noble objective than service. So I made a sketch model embodying the idea of service, and the committee liked it very much. You may be interested that what a sculptor calls a "sketch" is a small model without much detail, sometimes not more than a few inches high, sometimes a foot or so.

The sketch model is then developed into what is called a "study." The study of the English High School group is in the office, and you have probably seen it. A great deal more detail is put in, and some changes are made. It is always hoped that the "study" can be enlarged without changes at all, and after final modeling can be sent to the bronze foundry. Actually, I spent several weeks—I think about six—with an assistant on the cape of the larger figure alone. There were so many problems of trying to get the plastiline to take the shape I wanted. There was one major piece of lead pipe from the shoulder to the bottom of the cape and a number of steel wires with bits of wood attached. Of course, the whole armature had to remain flexible. The major change which I made from my first conception was in putting a torn tunic on the smaller figure, instead of leaving him nude, as I originally had done. I think this was an improvement as giving more of an idea of the hardship to which he had been subjected.

Of course, the group is meant to be symbolic. The armor is really dress armor, details copied from examples in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. I didn't want a conquering hero but a protector of the weak.

This figure has been reproduced in at least four magazines, including the International Journal of Religious Education and the Salvation Army Magazine. I think it was the latter who made the title "The Strong Must Help the Weak." Naturally, I have been delighted that the group

E. H. S. Spirit of Service



has been so much appreciated at the high school, and that it has been so widely publicized.

Now about Little Rock. A new museum was opened there soon after this figure was completed. I can't find the exact date. Naturally, there were not adequate funds for immediate acquisition of significant works. And I was asked if I could contribute a plaster model. I have a recollection that someone connected with the museum had seen this figure when it was exhibited and liked it. The usual fate of plaster models is that they are broken up and thrown in the dump. No studio is adequate to preserve indefinitely all the models a sculptor makes, and no sculptor likes to have them in places where they may be carelessly handled and damaged. Being in a museum they are pretty secure. So I was happy to have "our" group wanted in a community which has lacked good examples of art and was anxious to acquire some. I am so pleased that one of your teachers saw it and liked it. I hope you will all feel that you are sharing possession of this group and that it is carrying inspiration to others as it has to many, many E. H. S. boys.

Very cordially yours,
Evelyn Beatrice Longman



SENIOR ASSEMBLY

THE Senior Class met in the Hall under Mr. Reed's direction for the first assembly of the school year on Thursday, September twenty-fifth. The Head Master read from the Holy Bible, Book of Proverbs. He then addressed the assembled seniors, welcoming them as the class of 1942. He referred to the world of turmoil and strife and the war-like preparations that are abroad in our own land today. He said that other English High School seniors emerged from these halls confronted by similar unsettled conditions in their day. He spoke of the classes that went out to behold the Civil War, the

Spanish-American War, and the World War. The men in these classes, he said, firm in their faith and bent upon success, found their place as useful members of society. With no less courage must the seniors of today face the future.

Our job, Mr. Reed continued, is to do the work of each day as it comes along—to do the work completely and with all our might. Thus, each senior in his own way will make his contribution, to the end that the class of 1942 may be worthy of the great tradition that is the heritage of English High School.

MEMORIES

Commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of '88

English High School, Boston, Massachusetts

Published by GEORGE A. MOORE, '88.

Fidelity Press. Price: \$3.00

THIS EDITION commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the class of '88 is truly a unique work. Published by George A. Moore, Esq., '88, it brings back the memory and thrills of days gone by. Every person connected with English High School, the first high school in America, should be proud of it. In editing this book, the author has shown that English High meant a great deal to him and his classmates of 1888.

There are many highlights in this book. It has special articles written by different members of the class. There are scores of pictures showing former pupils. Also included are pictures of the early school buildings, and a program of the graduation exercise of the class of '88. The names of the class officers can be found in the book. Those officers have perhaps never realized that they would some day be the heads of a great class of alumni. In the book is even included the menu for one of the anniversary banquets, a very tasty menu, one made up of the finest delicacies. The historical section contains among many articles the following: The History of English High School, The Semi-Centennial of English High School and the Seventy-fifth anniversary of the English High School, each story a feature write-up by some member of the class.

Complete lists of pupils who were in the class of '88 are contained in the book. There is also a short biography of each former class member telling what his life work has been and recalling some of the activities in which the class of '88 took part while in English High School. It is easy to see by looking over the list of biographies that some really great men have sprung from the handful of graduates in the class of '88. Some have since become great statesmen, orators, successful engineers and business men, and even some army and naval officers are included among the list of graduates. The following are excerpts from the biographical section of the book.

"George Albert Moore, president of the class of '88, was born in Boston, September, 1869.

After graduating from English High School he attended Boston University. He practised law for a few years but decided that his real ability was as an inventor. After inventing for a few years, he went into a business career. He was a member of the Medford School Committee for eight years."

* "Charles Henry Cole, vice president of the class of '88, was another very illustrious graduate. His early business career was as clerk and cashier for various mining companies. He began to take active part in the city government in 1905 by first becoming the Boston Police Commissioner. After this followed many important offices such as, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, Public Trustee, Boston Elevated Railway Co., Chairman, Massachusetts State Racing Commission, etc. He enlisted as a private in the First Corps Cadets in 1890, advancing to First Lieutenant. He climbed up the military ladder of success, until, in 1917, he reached his peak in attaining the rank of Brigadier-General. He went overseas in 1917. After the World War he engaged in the manufacture of motion picture film for twelve years, then went into the chemical business. He was elected State Commander of the American Legion, Department of Massachusetts, in 1922."

Taking the biography of one graduate who chose the naval service, we find he had a brilliant career in his country's honor.

"Henry Hughes Hough reached the rank of Rear-Admiral in September, 1924, and retired with that rank in February, 1935, while acting as commanding officer at the Charlestown Navy Yard. He had twenty-eight years of sea services, his last command being in charge of the Asiatic Squadron, a very critical position during Japanese-Chinese troubles. During the World War he was commandant of the Depot at Brest, France chief port for the transport of American troops and supplies. He is married and now resides in Washington, D. C."

This book contains many more fine biographies such as these. There are special articles of interest to every member of the class of '88. For a book packed full of vivid memories and recollections, stories and pictures, this is the book! Mr. Moore has presented a copy of the book to the library of his Alma Mater. Miss McCarthy, the librarian, will be pleased to lend it to you.

By BENJAMIN L. TOY, '44

WHEN Old Man Hertz concocted his "gad-get" for the purpose of tormenting a metal ring lying peacefully across the room, he really started something!

From those days of induction coil transmitters, zinc plate antennae and coherers has come the modern-day radio as we know it today.

From that root has come radio broadcasting, facsimile transmission, and television. But it started for all practical purposes in the laboratory of Guglielmo Marconi, an Italian scientist, who was curious to find out if these Hertzian waves could be pushed across the ocean. He tried. His experiment was a complete success!

Then came Lee deForrest. He took the old Fleming valve, added another element, and lo! The "Audion." This three-element radio tube revolutionized the radio world. It was now possible to receive messages over far greater distances than before.

Now comes radiotelephony! Two brothers out on the West Coast connected a carbon microphone in the ground lead of a spark coil transmitter. But there was one catch; they were lucky if they could make themselves heard above the "60-cycle gargle."

Then someone thought of using tubes in a transmitter. Hartley built an oscillator which generated the frequency in the grid circuit by a coil-condenser connection and the output taken off from the grid coil. A microphone was connected in the grid circuit and this worked.

Still there was a hitch! The microphone modulated the frequency as well as the amplitude, making the oscillator unstable. This was no good. Something had to be done.

It was. Someone got the bright idea of using another stage and modulating the "final," as the last stage is called. Here was the solution. Frequency modulation had been reduced to a minimum, and the quality of the emitted signal had not been impaired.

Nowadays radio has grown to a large extent. The radio frequency spectrum has been subdivided into many bands, each representing a different service. Wedged in among these are the amateur bands, arranged in terms of harmonies, starting at 1.75 megacycles and going down to 224 megacycles. After 300 megacycles, any frequency is open to amateur experimentation.

Behind all this were men who sought no personal gain, no acclaim. They had stumbled on something new and promising, and they wished to develop it for the general benefit of mankind. These were the first radio amateurs. In fact, Marconi always termed himself as such! This feeling is still perpetuated in the amateur ranks. In peace time, it is ionosphere conditions, new circuits, or the ultra high frequencies. In an emergency, when power and communication lines are down, the "hams" are on deck with cells, or generators. In war time, they are ready to hold the service in *liaison*.

In "ham" radio, age, creed, or employment offer no barriers. Most "hams" know each other by only their first names. If one does not wish to acquire good friends, let him stay out of "ham" radio! He will not get his wish in these ranks!

Well, here you are! An outline of "ham" radio. Once you have broken into it, you will find one science which is a pure pleasure to study. You build your own equipment, get your license, and go on the air.

The license is easily obtained. If you can copy code at a rate of thirteen words a minute, and pass a test on theory you have nothing to worry about. If you are just breaking into radio, here are a few suggestions. The American Radio Relay League has published several books on amateur radio, designed especially for beginners. The most useful are "The Radio Amateur's Handbook" and the "License Manual." The former is a general textbook; the latter a study guide for the license exams. Also, it will do no harm to read some books on elementary electricity, and some of the old time radio books. The latter will give no constructional information of practical value, but one may gain much in the way of general theory from them. Some good books of this type are the Collins radio texts, and "Understanding Radio," by Watson—Welch—Eby.

One thing more: You radio fiends who now read this are invited to send in your QRA and QTH, along with a description of whatever equipment you may have. If you have any bits of "ham" news or "kinks"; it will be greatly appreciated if you send them in. Tnx. K (begin sending)!

Athletic Notes . . .

By ROY WOOLDRIDGE, '42

ONCE AGAIN, as in every fall, our minds turn to the great game of football. Coach Ohrenberger has called out the football candidates from Ye Olde English High School and has sited them out into five teams. These teams, we hope, will carry on the tradition of our beloved school. I would like to tip you off as to what you can expect from them.

One of the outstanding players of our backfield is Charlie (Chuckin') O'Malley, a Co-Captain. Charlie is a good forward passer and play caller with three years experience behind him. He will do the passing and punting for the team as well as run occasionally.

Next is Richard (Dick) Kearns, Co-Captain with O'Malley and star end. He is one of the best pass receivers in the game and one of the mainstays of the line defensively.

The rest of our backfield is as follows: Art Craven, 300 Reggie Champ, a fast runner and good kicker; Robert Murphy, another track star, who is fast-moving and a blocking back. He is an exceptional broken field runner and good punt returner; next is Jim Sullivan, the other flanker and fast back. His towering frame of six feet two inches enables him to grab any pass within a mile.

In the line we have two of the best guards in

the city in Robert Gilbody and Bill Leahy. Both men are natural Rock of Gibraltars. Gilbody with 210 pounds can wreck any team, while his comrade although lacking the weight makes up for it in speed.

Roger O'Donnell holds down the pivot post for our 1941 team. O'Donnell has perfect control over the pigskin and is great in backing up the line.

James Foley and George Beers, both roaming tackles with two years' experience as subs, should be large factors in the stalwart E. H. S. drive.

Some of the other players to watch are: Joseph Sullivan, 50 yard Reggie champ, a great pass receiver; Koren Kasabian another fast runner and good signal caller; Guard George Foster 210 pounds; Tackles Ray Norden 188 pounds, and Joe O'Conner 175 pounds; and back Milt Rattet, a terrific line plunger and blocking back; and last but not least, Larry Sullivan, blocking back and good all around player. Well, this will give you an idea of who the players are, what they can do, so how about sticking behind them win or lose, what do you say?

TRADE—7

E. H. S.—6

AN inexperienced but confident Blue and Blue eleven met Trade School in the opening game of the 1941 grid season on Tuesday, October 2 at Braves Field.

The game was one of passing and intercepting with the boys in Blue chalking up the first six points during the opening session of the game.

English kicked to Trade followed by attacks and counter-attacks on both sides. Shortly after, Trade quick-kicked to the double Blue's twenty-two, with Art Carver receiving and toting the pigskin to our forty-seven. Carver ripped through to Trade's twenty-two in an exciting battering-ram play. Then O'Malley and Murphy crashed through to the enemy one yard line with Carver going "over the top" scoring six points for the Blue and Blue. O'Malley's punt went a bit wide for no extra point.

During the second quarter we received some bad breaks. Carver was hurt. The substitute backs composed of Rattet and Sullivan were called in to fill the gap. O'Malley and Rattet

Captain Gaspare Blunda, English High School and West Point Graduate



carried the ball to the enemy ten yard stripe but a severe penalty was imposed upon the two tone Blue. The first period ended with the score, English 6, Trade, 0.

The second period commenced with a desperate Trade eleven advancing to our forty-seven yard line. A swift forward pass brought the enemy to our fifteen. Then with successive smashing attacks Trade broke through a hole in our right and brought Trade to our four stripe. However with bulldog determination we held together for two downs. The stands were in an uproar as Trade finally crashed through and over the line. A successful place kick gave them a one point lead with the score standing 6-7.

The last quarter contained a bit of everything. O'Malley, Rattet, and Murphy smashed through to the enemy 10 yard line but here Fate turned her back on us, the blue and blue. The game ended with a score of 6-7 in favor of Trade School.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH-6 E. H. S-0

ON the cool afternoon of October 9, 1941, the English High football juggernaut was set back for the second straight time. This time it was the fast B. C. High eleven and the score, 6 to 0. However there was no disgrace in the defeat for the team fought hard every inch of the way.

To start the first period, English received the kickoff and looked powerful as it drove into B. C. territory. But B. C. held and took the ball and commenced a drive of its own. English was helped by a penalty and the Eaglets were forced to boot over the Blue and Blue goal. English kicked to the B. C. 30 at the end of the period.

B. C. High had the ball on its own 30 to commence the second period. B. C. backs skirted the English ends and found holes in the line to smash to the English 25. On the next play off tackle, a B. C. back found his way through the arms of the English tacklers to the important touchdown. B. C. fumbled on the try for a point and the ball was downed. After the kick English took to the air and an O'Malley to Kearns pass put English on the B. C. 35. Two plays later another O'Malley pass found its way to J. Sullivan who was downed on the B. C. 16. Here in scoring position, the Blue and Blue march was halted and the Eaglets took the ball. The



Captain Howard W. Quinn, English High School and West Point Graduate

kick out was fumbled by the safety man and B. C. recovered but their drive was halted by another penalty and then the half.

Murphy, one of our backs, opened the second half with a startling runback of the kickoff to the B. C. 35 yard line. The Eaglets held and took the ball on their 35, then kicked to the English 30. After unsuccessful tries, English punted to the B. C. 44, losing 9 yards in the exchange. The Blue and Blue line held and B. C. was forced to kick and it carried to the English 16 where Murphy ran it to the 21. A 15 yard penalty put English on its own 6 and after two plays O'Malley booted to the 50 at the end of the period.

In the last period, after a B. C. kick, English took the ball on their 24. With rushes by O'Malley, Rattet and a 15 yard penalty thrown in, our boys got a first down on their 45. After a rush, another one of Chuckin' Charlie's passes to Murphy netted a first down on the B. C. 42, but English was forced to kick and B. C. took the ball on their 2. The B. C. kick was downed on their 40 and after an unsuccessful pass, Rattet picked up a first down on the B. C. 28 but the Eaglets held and the game ended with the ball in B. C.'s possession.

We must record with profound regret the injury to Joseph M. Sullivan, gallant running back who sustained a broken leg in the fourth quarter. Let's hope he will return, soon.

IT'S ALL IN FUN:

GEE, UNCLE TOM, THAT'S
SOME ELECTRIC FAN
YOU HAVE THERE
COOLING THE COWS.

A WASTE PAPER BASKET
AND A VACUUM CLEANER.

JOHNNY, NAME TWO
COLLECTIVE NOUNS.

ENGLISH HIGH
BLITZ SCHOOL

I HOPE I DIDN'T
SEE YOU LOOKING
AT FRED'S BOOK
TOMMY.

I HOPE YOU
DIDN'T TOO, SIR.

YES, I KNOW IT. HE'S
KEEPING SEVERAL
THAT HE BORROWED FROM
MY FATHER.

MY FATHER IS A BOOKEEPER.

Robert H. Cummings

Cruising the Corridors . . .

WELCOME friends, old and new! This is to announce that the traditional cruises through the historic corridors of English High School will remain as such until the government curtailment on gasoline forces us to make them strolls. Joke of the month:—Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?" Professor absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them." Book of the Month: "Over the Cliff," by Oliver Sudden. Sincere congratulations to Co-captains O'Malley and Kearns and our very earnest wish is that they may lead the boys of Blue and Blue to a creditable season. . . . But, then again, how can they fail with those two **Waggett** boys and **Dutchy** doing their bit? Overheard in the cafeteria: Junior, "That man wasn't a painless dentist like he advertised." Senior, "Why? Did he hurt you?" Junior, "No, but he yelled when I bit his thumb, just like any other dentist." . . . Here's one for the sharks: define "blasé sequepedalian" !!! . . . **Norman Walsh** hasn't sat down since he ran his father's car up a tree. The reason? Yes, you guessed it. . . . At the first assembly of the year, Seniors were reminded of their responsibilities in war-torn world; and especially in a debris littered cafeteria! . . . **Doyle**: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes." She: "You've never stayed so late before." . . . Being a fountaineer seems to agree with **Hilton**, at least with one end! . . . Two Fresh, discussing drill: "You know," said one, "I feel like punching that hard-boiled top sergeant in the nose again!" The other: "Again?" "Yes, again—I felt like it yesterday too!" Gag: Members of the younger generation are alike in many disrespects. . . . **George to Kasparian**: "You walk around as though you owned the street." Answer: "You ride around as though you owned the car." . . . The guest of honor at a recent banquet was mildly embarrassed at discovering that he had forgotten his false teeth. His neighbor at the table kindly offered him several sets. How fortunate! One set fitted perfectly. "Gosh," he said, "you must be a dentist." "No," came the astounding reply, "I'm an undertaker." Speaking about lunch, lets all get together and keep our cafeteria clean. The barrels are there for a purpose, use them! It costs no more, and you enjoy your lunch better in a cafeteria, that is a cafeteria, and not a breeding place of disease. What do you say now? That's it—that's the true spirit of E. H. S. . . . What happened to Collins' foot? Well, it's a long story and you're in a hurry—so! . . . **Finn** reports that a ghost is alleged to have appeared at the banquet held recently in New York, but disappeared again almost at once. Unaccustomed as it was to public spooking! . . . Eskimos are seldom drunk; according to Charley **McCarthy**. The reason: They're so deedly hard to swallow! . . . You'd cry too, if you were stuck with an all-freshman company. How come the freshmen still wear knickers? How to find the Chemistry Laboratory—follow your nose. Why does my Bunsen burner always catch on fire? As far as I'm concerned, the salt can stay in the sand. Don't we all feel proud that, through our A. A. dues, the football team was able to get those "snappy" uniforms? Time to make the annual remark: "Don't the Freshmen look smaller than ever?" Many of the students must be cultivating some hirsute adornment (growing moustaches to you). Have you seen **Couris**? To boys who enter the office and watch the operators manipulate the switchboard and telephones, I would like to make the following statement: "IT ISN'T EASY!!" . . . Aside to Frosh and Sophs who suspect that spuckies are made of rubber. . . . "Impossible, there is a shortage of rubber; spuckies, believe it or not, are made of bread and meat!!". . . Aren't all we newly appointed officers proud? Yes!! I hear that **Gorczyński** is on a diet. The last time I saw him at lunch, ALL he had was, two (2) spuckies, two (2) bottles of milk, and two (2) cups of Clam Chowder. Poor Edward, he's wasting away to a ton. No, **Collins, Banquo's** son's name is not pronounced free lunch. While we're on the subject of **Macbeth**, who do you think killed **Duncan**? All replies should be accompanied by one man-hole cover and three freshmen, and sent to **Inverness, Scotland**. Your prize, a bink of **Rudolph Hess'** plane which will be forwarded as soon as the race is over. Don't ask me what race, I only work here. No, **Simi**, you can't walk around the building without a pass. By the way, do any of you Sophs know **Richard Aylivard's** middle name. It is a seven letter word beginning with "A" and ending with "E".

—J. J. W.

Book Review . . .

CAPTAIN PAUL

by Commander Edward Ellsberg

(New York; Dodd, Mead & Company—\$2.75—609 pp.)

OLIVER WISWELL sunk our spirits. Sam Hilton, he of the Neutral Ground, trampled them into the dust. And finally the discovery that Washington uttered not a single inspiring platitude when crossing the Delaware to surprise the Hessians, but probably sat shivering (oh, it's so very unheroic)—well, that just about bled them to death.

"Captain Paul" has changed all that. It's one of the most rootin'-tootin', red-white-and-blue flag-waving books that ever made a reader want to do or die. Believe us, you'll enjoy it; you'll enjoy looking back wistfully on an era when naked courage alone could win a war. You'll enjoy reading how cussed smart we were. And holy heck, if that's patriotism, you'll want to be stu^ded to the gills with it.

This definitely belongs among the best-written, meatiest, and bloodiest historical novels ever written. It concerns John Paul Jones, as great a sailor, fighter, and leader of men as ever walked

a quarterdeck, told through the eyes of Thomas Folger, a likable merchant of Nantucket. Folger is reminiscing about his escapades with the long-legendary, half-forgotten personage of "Captain Paul," with the express purpose of rousing his fellow-countrymen from their lethargy to combat impressment of American sailors. Eighteen hundred and twelve took a lesson from 1776, and 1941 may learn a thing or two from 1812.

The novel begins mildly enough. Folger's financial status induces him to go a-whaling, and his boat is several weeks out when he spies the huge mammal which inspires a thrill few modern experiences can rival. From there on the pace is fast, fine, and furious. The description of the disasters climaxing the whaling expedition is magnificently realistic and unsurpassed by anything in "Moby Dick." Nor is it irrelevant to the following narrative, the narrative which is so utterly dominated by the liberty-loving colossus of a hero, John Paul Jones; it is a brilliant segment but only one of many brilliant segments.

The circumstances leading to Folger's firm friendship with Captain Paul yield full richness only upon an actual reading. Suffice it to say that Commander Ellsberg's high thread of tension never snaps and that interest never flags. This review, however, would be obviously incomplete without the mention of Captain Paul's most notable single exploit. When the "Bon Homme Richard" lay helpless and crippled next to the huge "Serapis" with broadside after broadside blowing it to bits, we can still thrill to hear the classic reply of John Paul when asked if he had struck: "Never! I have just begun to fight!" And it was true—he had just begun to fight.

Captain Paul was a pirate, a slaver, a buccaneer, and a member of the legions of the dishonored until comparatively recently; yet his peerless ability, savoir faire, and courage in the face of seemingly insuperable odds will be doubted by few who read Commander Ellsberg's capable and penetrating history of his adventures.

Reviewed by HAROLD OREL, '43

The Charles W. Morgan, Whaler, Out of New Bedford, Mass.



ELEVATED INTERLUDE

By GEORGE BRICKMAN, '43

"OH JOHNNY, time to get up for school!" That's my mother's voice. Reluctantly I get up from between warm blankets and jump into a pair of icy pants. After a hasty washing behind the ears to pass inspection, I brush my teeth and slip on my shirt. "Coming right down, Mom!" A breakfast of hot cereal I wash down with a glass of milk. Then on with my outer clothes and off to school. It's cold out. I'll just make the subway.

Almost everyone has taken a ride in a subway some time or another. But I wonder how many of us have ever noticed the many different types of people in a subway car. It is the meeting-place of all types of people.

Take that man sitting over there on the end seat, for example. He's probably just had a quarrel with his wife or lost his best girl or something. Notice how many seats the fat lady takes up. If she would only take some of the advice printed on those reducing advertisements posted above her! That young fellow with the disgusted look on his face doesn't like present world conditions, I guess.

The train's pulling to a stop now and people are getting out of the car. There's a man coming in who's loaded with baggage. He's sitting across the aisle from me. I suppose he's taking a late vacation. Brrr! I think the weather's a bit too cold for vacationing, but perhaps he's going to Florida. Who knows?

We're moving off towards the next station now and the car is gradually gaining speed. Did you ever notice the billboards inside of a subway car? Some are certainly queer. Look how the school-boys always congregate in one corner of the car so as to have the best possible vantage point. I'll bet I can pick out one fellow among them who's got the heeby-jeebies over his home-lessons. And notice that man sitting by himself in the corner of the car. He's just the type to be associated with a bunch of toughies. The car grinds to a stop.

Say, there's an interesting ad. Something about—oh shucks, the train would have to pull out while I'm reading it. Notice the kindly-looking old lady with the broad smile blossoming out over her countenance. The world could use more of her type right now. Look at that sophisticated-appearing fellow of about eighteen

standing by the door. He's probably just found his first job and is darn proud of it.

"Next stop, Dover Street!" Say, that's my stop. Well, I'll be getting off now.

As I descend the steps from the subway to the street a wall seems to rush up and hit me. In reality it is the noise of the section into which I have just entered. Here and there I see men walking, or rather making feeble attempts at walking. There are some young boys playing handball on the sidewalk. The ball slips out of one of the boys' hands. It falls into the street. A car is coming at full speed towards the ball. At the same time the boy starts to retrieve it. Just in time one of his playmates calls to him and narrowly averts a fatal accident.

I notice the stores lining the surrounding streets. Here a fruit peddler hollers his wares. Apples are getting cheap these days—according to him. There are people getting on buses which take them to town and deposit them at their various business houses. Ah, one person in particular attracts my attention. He has a new suit of clothes on. His shoes are shined, his hair is combed. I wonder where he could be headed for. I think I'll follow him. He starts down the street and into a nearby alley. I have to stay in the shadows to avoid being seen. Now he's on the street again, and I'm in the open once more. He's approaching a large building, old yet grimly attractive. He's going in. Why, it's my French teacher entering the English High School building.

NEW FREQUENCY CLASSIFICATIONS

1,750 to	1,900 kc.	A1	A4	..
1,900 to	2,050 kc.	A1	..	A3
3,500 to	3,650 kc.	A1
3,950 to	4,000 kc.	A1	..	A3
7,000 to	7,250 kc.	A1
7,250 to	7,300 kc.	A1	..	A3
14,000 to	14,150 kc.	A1
14,150 to	14,250 kc.	A1	..	A3
14,250 to	14,400 kc.	A1
28,000 to	28,100 kc.	A1
28,100 to	30,000 kc.	A1	..	A3
56,000 to	60,000 kc.	A1	A2	A3	A4	..
112,000 to	116,000 kc.	A1	A2	A3	A4	A5
224,000 to	230,000 kc.	A1	A2	A3	A4	A5
400,000 to	401,000 kc.	A1	A2	A3	A4	A5

BOMBS EXPLODE

By BENJAMIN L. TOY '43

JOHN DREW had worked for the government over a period of more than thirty years. All this time he had worked diligently, and had well earned his pay. Now, for the first time he had been summoned into the office of the superintendent. With troubled expression he advanced to the door, and knocked.

"Come in," a voice replied from within.

Drew twisted the knob and pushed open the door. At the rear of the room a middle-aged man sat amid a stack of papers. He looked up and, dropping a pencil in his hand, spoke:

"Oh it's you, Drew. I would like to have a word with you. You've been here for over thirty years, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Snow. Why, have I done something wrong?"

The gentleman at the desk picked up the pencil and began to draw hieroglyphics on the blotter. "No, Drew, it isn't at all like that. In fact, your work has been more than satisfactory . . . but you are growing old . . . By the way, how old are you?"

"Fifty-five, Mr. Snow."

"The new rules of the department state that at fifty-five all employees are to be retired. I'm afraid that we'll have to let you go, Drew."

"But, Mr. Snow, this job is my very life . . . and, I will be unable to find another job at my age. Please let me stay on." The clerk's voice had a pathetic note.

"Sorry, old man, but the rules must be observed. Good day."

Drew turned away and left the office. He staggered down the hall in a daze. Suddenly he straightened; a wild glint appeared in his eyes. If they could be so cold and casual about depriving him of his job, he could be the same way. In that moment a weird metamorphosis took place. John Drew was transformed from a docile old man into a vengeful maniac. Already a diabolical plot was hatching in his mind.

For a few days after that John Drew was not seen on the streets. On the following Thursday he emerged from his cellar, and vanished down an alley with a small wooden box under his arm. Every few moments he guiltily glanced around to make sure he was not being followed, and

then continued on his way. He arrived at the park, crossed, and came to a stop before the State House, muttering,

"So I'm too old, eh? I'll show you all! In this little box is a time bomb, set to explode in one hour. In one hour I will be back at home, while their beautiful building is blown sky high." A smile appeared on his face. "My revenge will be complete."

He crossed the street and strode up the concrete walk. Now, instead of mounting the stairway, he turned off to his right and moved up to the wall. He placed the infernal machine against it, and stood up.

"Now they will get paid off in full. They will never get me—" Drew became worried. "Or will they? I have heard of cases where fragments of bombs have been traced to the criminal. Snow might remember me, and if I were brought to trial a cross-examination might wear me down. I can't go through with it . . . but how can the bomb be disposed of? The timer is an old clock fixed to close the circuit when the hands come together; if I broke open the box the hands might touch, and I would be blown to pieces! What can be done with it? If I knew of some quiet place to leave it—some quiet place, I have it! The park!"

He hurriedly snatched up the bomb and ran down the walk, across the street, into the park, and came to a halt before the reservoir. He drew back his arm and hurled the infernal machine out into the pool. He did not wait for the results, but returned home with all the speed he could summon.

He did not sleep well that night. He turned and tossed the whole period, worrying about the time bomb. Had anyone been hurt when it exploded? If so, would he be found out? This went on until morning.

The following day he found in his mail-box the morning paper and a letter. He snatched the paper and scanned it for an account of the inevitable explosion in the park. There was nothing to be seen. But the letter! It bore a government seal! Could it be possible that he had been discovered? He quickly tore open the envelope and jerked out its contents. His heart

beat faster and faster as he unfolded the sheet. If he had been discovered it would mean disgrace, maybe a prison term! He braced himself and read:

Dear Mr. Drew:

I have succeeded in having an exception made in your case. In view of your excellent service, the Civil Service Commission has agreed to waive the retirement. Please report for work on Monday as usual.

Yours truly,

L. F. Snow, Supt.

Drew fainted, and fell over the telephone stand, knocking the handset from its cradle. The operator rang in an attempt to raise someone,

but failing in this, she contacted the police department. In a few moments a cruiser had pulled up to the house. Two uniformed men stepped out and ran up to the door. Their knocks remained unanswered. They threw themselves against the door, and the lock gave way. The door flew open, and there Drew lay, sprawled out on the floor.

"Poor bloke," one of the officers commented, feeling the deceased's wrist. "He'll never come out of it. Hmm, no contusions or lacerations—must have been his heart."

"Too bad," the other replied. "Drew's heart never was any too good. Something must have just exploded."

Exchanges . . .

By HAROLD OREL, '43

THE RED AND GRAY

Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass.

YOU may well take pride in your Commencement Issue. The cover design is very well conceived. There are some pointed editorials and interesting views of the Graduating Class. The refreshing "Push Button" tuning was excellently done, we thought. Keep up the good work.

THE BOTOLPHIAN

Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

A MAGAZINE worthy of a great institution, our esteemed neighbor here in the South End of Boston. It reflects the classical tradition that is your priceless heritage down the years. "Americanism" is triple "A" idealism. Your serious poems are really inspired. There's an excellent—but excellent—article on Sir Thomas More. And your paper within a paper ("The Democratic Liberator"—A Paper for People Who Think They Think") finishes off a grand little grab-bag of stuff and sayings.

THE ACORN

Jefferson Senior High, Roanoke, Va.

YOUR latest issue looked promising with its excellent format. Its contents exceeded our fondest expectations. "Laying a Golden Egg" was an eloquent review of "Fantasia";

"Elimination," a poem by the same author, shows talent of the first rank. A unique suggestion (to revert to Victorian styles) lights up another page. "A New Program for the Western Hemisphere" is some rather hard facts done up in a beautiful package.

All in all, an issue the standard of which you'll do well to maintain throughout 1941. The humor is pleasant, and we really enjoyed "Feats at the Meet;" but a little more humor would look well. And your department, "Small Things of Large Interest," is rather small itself. We welcome this Courier from the "Old Dominion."

THESAURUS

Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

THIS TOO is a graduation issue of startling quality. It's the sort of thing your students will doubtless treasure down through the years and drag out every once in a while to refresh their memories and enliven their sensibilities. And say, that's one swell idea, having a crossword puzzle of students' names.

Those Literary Ramblings recall to mind the recent rash of short-short stories; each was very good in its own right, but so darned brief that a lot of its flavor is lost.

Summing up, a notable issue of more than notable merit. You're going great guns, and we wish you all the luck in the world.

DON'T LAFF TOO HARD!

① OH, HIM? HE WAS
HIT WITH A
"SPUCKIE" ?



② I'M GOING TO B.C.!



YALE FOR
ME!

I THINK
THOSE
"FRESHIES" HAVEN'T
HEARD OF
COLLEGE
EXAMS

JOE
SENIOR



I
WONDER WHY
HE IS NOT INTERESTED
IN US TO-DAY?

HE HAS THE
"RECORD"



(OH-YEAH?)

③ WHY DID
THE MATH
TEACHER
FAINT?



EVERYONE
IN THE CLASS
DID HIS HOME
WORK!



By NEL BRIGGS

I WASN'T
SURE, ~ YOU
SEE I NEVER
SENT AIR MAIL
BEFORE!



POST
MASTER

With the Alumni . . .

By FREDERICK DONALDSON, '42

John Gallagher, '36, went to B. C. and upon his graduation, took a course with the Navy in aviation. **Ensign Gallagher** is now stationed at Hingham, Mass., and is a full-fledged naval flying officer. . . . **Elliot M. Lansky, '41**, writes that he is at the U. S. Naval Training School, St. Louis, Missouri. . . . "**Bill**" **Stewart, '40**, a prize winner in American History, went to Atlanta, Georgia, the June following graduation, to study aviation with the Army. . . . **Irving Romano, '38**, has been sent to Fort McKinley, Maine. He is now a 1st Lieutenant in the Dental Corps. . . . **John Scully, '41**, has asked the school to send his record to St. Clemens in Brighton where he is studying. . . . **Milton Yakus, '33**, dramatic editor of the staff of WMEX, is the Orson Welles of Boston Radio. . . . **Eli Krovitski, '31**, a former member of the bar, was drafted. He joined the Officer's Training Corps, was given the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, and has just been sent to Virginia where he is in the Intelligence Division. . . . **Isidore Brown, '35**, has been drafted, and is at Camp Devens in the Quartermaster's Corps. . . . **Arthur E. Mabee, '41**, is now in the Caribbean Sea heading for the West Coast. He is sailing on the U. S. S. Nitro, an ammunition supply ship. . . . **Edward A. Barber, '41**, is out West at the University of Iowa. . . . **Richard E. Markow, '41**, went into the Navy even before he graduated and came to the commencement exercises in his uniform. He is on the high seas now—the officials won't say where. . . . **Donald M. Knott, '37**, graduated last June from Technology and is working there this fall as a teaching fellow in Physical Chemistry. . . . **John Richardson, '23**, is now well along as a doctor,—he used to be a "lab" assistant with **Mr. Miller**. . . . Among distinguished "ex-lab" assistants, **Thomas Kirkham, '41**, is now over at Massachusetts Tech where he has a Charles Hayden Scholarship. . . . **Robert W. Vose, '23**, has now changed to Technology from Harvard. He graduated from Tech, then taught at Harvard, but he now instructs students at his Alma Mater. . . . **Julius Daniels**, has been steadily advanced since he left English High and he is now the Illuminating Engineer at the Boston Edison Company. . . . **Harry J. Keefe, '36**, of West Roxbury, graduated from Notre Dame a year ago last June and has recently joined the office of Stone and Webster as an engineer. . . . **Russell Brown, '40**, former Editor-in-chief of the RECORD, is studying at the University of Maine for his A.B. degree, contributing to the college magazine there, and on its board of editors. . . . **Major William Meanix, '11**, a graduate of Harvard in '15, and later winner of the hurdle event, has now taken over the supervision of drill in the school. He is ably assisted by Lieutenant John Gately, United States Marine Corps. . . . **Walter Davis, '25**, former laboratory assistant under **Mr. Miller**, is employed at the Monsanto Chemical Company as a research chemist. . . . **Jack Frangiamone, '40**, is now over at Northeastern, wrestling with the technique of Mechanical Chemistry. . . . **Kenneth Rees, '35**, has been given his master's degree at the Chicago Institute where he specialized in Chemical Engineering. He intends to continue and work for his doctorate. . . . **Robert Horan, '40**, is studying at Wesleyan in Connecticut. He has been awarded a scholarship for ability and promise. . . . **Frank Pulaski, '40**, and **Harding Sortevik, '38**, are both in the newspaper business. **Frank** is up in the city room and **Harding** is busy in the City Circulation Department of the Christian Science Monitor. . . . **Philip Chapman, '11**, former Institution Commissioner of Boston is practising law in this city. . . . **Bernard Ginsberg, '16**, was the chairman of the 25th reunion of his class held recently at the Copley Plaza. . . . **Leo Reisman, '16**, was the chairman of the entertainment committee at the same reunion. . . . **Paul V. Wingate, '39**, is studying dramatics out in the West at the University of Nebraska. . . . **Jacob Strock, '16**, is serving at the Boston Market and Produce Terminal. . . . **Paul Kirk, '22**, a former State Superior Court Judge, is now the Commander of the 101st Infantry, Boston's Own. . . . **Col. Thomas F. Sullivan**, former President of the English High School Alumni Association, is the Transit Commissioner for the City of Boston. . . . **John D. O'Reilly, '98**, nationally known coach still follows the athletic fortunes of our team which he once coached.

—F.D.'42

SCHOOLS ACROSS THE SEAS

Schools in China

By EDWARD CHIN, '43

ABOUT five hundred years ago, schools in China were nonexistent. Education could be had only through private tutorship. That, however, was only for the wealthy. Those who could not afford such a costly procedure had to borrow books. The acquiring of the books was difficult enough, but the self-educating was even more difficult. Money was extremely scarce in those days and, because of that, some people gave the teachers food, clothing, etc., in place of money for tuition. These private teachers were constantly traveling all over the country from one city to another. That meant that all the students had to travel with them in order to gain the essential knowledge.

The most famous of all those teachers was Confucius. To many of us he seems like a legendary figure. However, he was one of the most intelligent men in the world. He taught over three thousand students and, after he was through, seventy-two of them could give an answer to anything asked them. After he died, his books were carefully preserved, and today they are still being used.

Although Confucius would prove very interesting, we must return to the subject of schools in those days. After ten years of difficult studying one traveled to the King's palace and took a test that lasted at least one month. These tests were given every three years by the king. If one passed these tests, he was usually made an officer of a certain city.

There are three divisions of schools: primary, high school, and college.

The primary schools, comprising six grades, are conducted from 8.00 A.M. to 3.00 P.M. Pupils go to school every day except Sunday and Saturday afternoon.

High School also comprising six grades, schedule classes from 7.00 A.M. to 4.00 P.M. The students attend school every day except Sunday.

The colleges have no definite hours, attendance being dependent on the individual student's course. However, one must attend school at least fourteen hours a week.

Some of the subjects are Chinese, mathematics, geography, history, hygiene, nature, and military drill. The most popular sports are basketball and volley ball.

These schools are playing an important part in the development of a new and modern China.

Schools in England

By DAVID MUGGERIDGE, '42

MINOR differences between the respective school systems of America and Britain are manifold, but the ones most likely to interest the average boy are the length of vacations, time of dismissal, the system of marking, and the changing of classes.

Uppermost in most boys' minds during the year, beside getting a passing grade in their school subjects, is the summer vacation. In British city schools the summer vacation is four to five weeks—a great deal shorter than the three months given here. However to help balance the scales, the British school children get a longer Easter and Christmas vacation.

This brings us to the length of the school day. In England, the school day varies according to the season. In the summer months the school hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. In the winter the hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 and 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Thus students have two hours for lunch in the summer and one hour in the winter.

Progress reports are sent to the parents once a term in a book. This book contains all the reports for the whole of the schooling period and grades are marked Excellent, Good, etc. The deluge of tests given in American schools is unknown in England. Fifty per cent of the term's marks are gathered from homework. Each morning the previous day's homework is passed in and marked and no tests are given during class. At the end of term, a week is devoted to a thorough examination in all subjects. The examination marks attained, together with the term's work (homework), decide the final rating.

After each class has terminated the pupils do not gather up their books at random and tear helter-skelter for their next class, but take a few minutes rest until their next subject teacher arrives. In other words, the teachers move and not the pupils.

These and other minor ones constitute the differences between the two school systems. You may imagine that the British schools are the exact opposite of American schools, but after spending a short time in them you would realize that the differences are superficial ones and that both systems prepare the boy for a democratic way of living. This is their fundamental similarity.

THAT FIND and character of the 20th century, Prof. Noah Lotte, has once more returned to the dark corridors of the old E. H. S. and established himself behind his desk awaiting those daffy questions thrown at him from the rabble. The mad Professor has spent his summer vacation touring the city streets by Boat (back of a truck) and now is able to answer his readers' questions with a clear head. Let's go!

Q. Dear Prof.

In my E2 Class the other day the teacher kept talking about the shape of the Maltese cross worn by a Knight Templar. Prof, I would dearly like to know how you make the Maltese cross.

Curious.—.

A. Dear Cur——.—.

I realize that you're deeply upset about your E2 and would go to no limits to know how to make the Maltese cross. All you have to do is step on its tail!

Q. Dear Prof.

I have a friend who is a jeweler and I really don't see how he manages to keep up his business by selling watches at a dollar apiece. Will you please tell me how he does it since you're his friend also.

Nil

A. Dear Nil,

I realize that your mind must be rattled trying to understand the predicament. However the answer is a simple one—"Repairing them!"

Q. Dear Professor

My H1 teacher told the class yesterday that the Romans had to stop their holidays because of the overhead. If you would be so kind as to tell me exactly what he meant by that statement.

Ic—Mic

A. Dear Ic—Mic.

The lions were eating all the prophets.

Q. Dear Prof. L

I'm quite a vegetarian. I've been living on vegetables for over a month. How's that?

Ready to be complimented

A. Dear O Yeh!

That's nothing! I've been living on earth for years.

Q. Dear Professor

Is there any truth in the report that Mac-Gregor bought the corner gas station?

Motorist

A. Dear Motorist



It must be true. I see that the "Free Air" sign has been taken down.

Q. Dear Professor

Don't you hate people who talk behind your back?

Ask-it

A. Dear Ask-it

Yes, especially in the movies.

Q. Dear Professor

What is a snuff manufacturer?

Just-A-Pinch

A. Dear Just-A-Pinch:

A snuff manufacturer is a man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses.

Q. Dear Professor&%\$†

My wife is never home. Every day I come home she's away playing Bridge some where. She never mends my stockings for me. Now she demands that I buy her a fur coat. Do you think I should do it. She never does anything for me.

Flatfoot Floogy&%\$†

A. Dear Flatfoot&%\$†

I certainly would not buy my wife that fur coat. After all, if she doesn't give a darn then you shouldn't give a wrap.

Q. Dear Professor&%\$†

My little son, Linseed, swallowed my fountain pen. What will I do?

Worried&%\$†

A. Dear Worried&%\$†

Don't worry about the pen. You can use a pencil just as well.

Q. Dear Professor&%\$†

An robbing apartment stop. People are outside ready to come in stop. Can't jump out window as am up thirteen stories stop. What shall I do stop. Don't stop.

Collect&¢\$†

A. Dear Collect&¢\$†

Even if you are on the thirteenth floor jump out of the window. This is a heck of a time to become superstitious.

And now for the Professor's monthly intelligence test. The test this month is divided into two parts. Simply write the correct number in Test 1 on a blank check, sign it, and send it in to Professor Noah Little, c-o Emergency Ward, Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass. For Test 2 you need only to knit a pair of stockings out of each wrong statement listed below and send it to the above address. This month the professor is offering a charming report card red left-handed collar button to the winner of Test 1. Test 2's winner gets a free copy of the June RECORD.

TEST 1—In the following series, count (if you can) the number of sixes that are not preceded by a seven that is not behind three twos,

that is ahead of a pair of threes, that is followed by a seven, reading from right to left-half: 4653765430865914876663322456489765432117766633333558649.

TEST 2.—Right and Wrong statements:

1. An author is a person who has lost both father and mother.
2. A dynamo is a machine that makes dynamite and other explosives.
3. A martyr is something like a bachelor.
4. Rustum did not reveal his identity to Sohrab because he did not want him to know that he had killed him.
5. The earth makes a revolution every 24 hours.
6. Like magnetic poles bite each other.
7. The centaurs were half hoarse because they lived in caves.
8. The Boer War was a pig fight put on for the pleasure of Louis XIV.
9. The Pilgrims came over to America on hardships.
10. Hard water is bad for household uses because it scratches the furniture.

Class of '29 Alumni

ADAMS CAMERA EXCHANGE

15 High Street off Summer Street

Near South Station

Everything Photographic

Special Discount to E. H. S. Students

Rosenfield Uniform Co.

Est. 1902

Cadet Uniforms Made to Boston
School Specifications

Better Fitting

Longer Wearing

Guaranteed Sanforized

15 School Street Boston, Mass.

15 doors below City Hall

Headquarters for Drill Uniforms for 39 Years

Spend Your Spare Time The Y's Way!

New and Modernized Facilities Now Ready For Use. . . . "Y" Clubs now being organized. . . . Program Activities include Lobby Games, Gymnasium Games (Basketball, Volleyball, Track, Boxing and other Sports), Swimming Classes, Handicrafts, Nature Study, Photography, Vocational Counselling, Camping Trips. . . . Study Room Reserved for High School Members.

Special Short-term Memberships for High School Boys Available at Unusually Modest Rates.

BOYS' DIVISION, HUNTINGTON AVENUE Y. M. C. A.
312 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

CADET UNIFORMS

Approved by School
Officials and
Guaranteed

\$6.90 COMPLETE

Coats — Pants — Hats
Leggings — Col. Letters
Complete Stock of Letters

Money Saving Values

on
BASKETBALL
UNIFORMS
and
EQUIPMENT

TRACK SHOES

Canvas Top
Crepe Rubber Soles

\$2.25

Special SCHOOL Price

Complete Line of
Gym & Track
Equipment

Famous Make

Mackinaws

Hoods and

Jackets

Each Garment

Bears Factory

Label of Quality

THE BOSTON POST —ALL SCHOLASTIC— SWEATERS

Guaranteed 100% Pure Wool

\$4.95

Reg. Price \$6.50

Sold Only by This Concern
All Styles — All Colors
Sweaters the Athlete Wears

Skiis and

Equipment

complete with

Harness and Steel

Edges

Hickory Ridge Top

Maple Ridge Top

Steel Poles Boots

\$2.95 up

SKATES & HOCKEY EQUIPMENT

Now on Hand

HOCKEY GLOVES

\$2.95 LIMITED
QUANTITY

Don't Delay. A Deposit
Will Hold a Pair.

Exclusive Canadian Prof.
Hockey Outfits

COMPLETE

STOCK OF

Exclusive

HOCKEY, FIGURE

and RACING

SKATES NOW

READY

100% ALL WOOL

HOODS

\$6.95

Heavy Weight Melton
Hard Wearing
Water Repellent
Navy — Maroon — Green

M. S. ROSENBAUM, INC.

165 BROADWAY, OPP. SUBWAY

Cor. Shawmut Ave.—3 Blocks from the Met.

Sporting Goods Distributors

Est. 1889

THE RECORD

39

Hon Loy Doo

Liveliest Spot in Chinatown

DINE and DANCE

9 TYLER STREET, BOSTON

LIBerty 0067

DOROTHY WRIGHT'S DANCING SCHOOL

295 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

COMMonwealth 6151

Member:

Chicago National Association of Dancing Masters.

Ballroom

— Ballet —

Tap

High School Ballroom Class Friday Evening

AGAIN and AGAIN



UNDER-GRADS WHO KNOW THEIR STYLES RETURN TO KENNEDY'S FOR SMART CLOTHES

Any fashion-wise Under-Grad will tell you that one place you are sure of finding ALL the newest styles in a complete assortment of colors and patterns is in Kennedy's Under-Grad Shop. We've made a study of you young men and your clothing preferences. That's why, season after season, you'll find, in ever increasing numbers, young men coming to us for their clothing needs.



KENNEDY'S

UNDER-GRAD SHOP

4th FLOOR

For Seniors Only . . .

**YOUR
OFFICIAL**



**CLASS
RING**

PRICES:

10K Solid Gold Ring—All Metal	\$7.59
10K Gold Ring—Black Onyx Stone	7.97
10K Gold Ring—Blue Spinel Stone	9.29

Pins range from \$1.65 to \$7.70

(Above Prices Include National Defense Tax)

**WATCH HEADMASTER'S BULLETIN FOR EXACT
DATE OF FIRST ORDER-TAKING (DURING SECOND
WEEK OF NOVEMBER). ONLY CHANCE TO SECURE
YOUR EMBLEMS FOR DELIVERY BEFORE CHRIST-
MAS. DEPOSIT OF \$1.00 MUST ACCOMPANY EACH
ORDER**

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CLASS TO WEAR YOUR CLASS RING

L. G. Balfour Company

234 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

In the Long Run . . .

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits.

It is in this "long run" photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

- PLEASING PORTRAITS
- PROMPT SERVICE
- RIGHT PRICES

Means Satisfaction Guaranteed

PURDY

160 TREMONT STREET BOSTON

*Official Photographer of the
Class of 1942*